



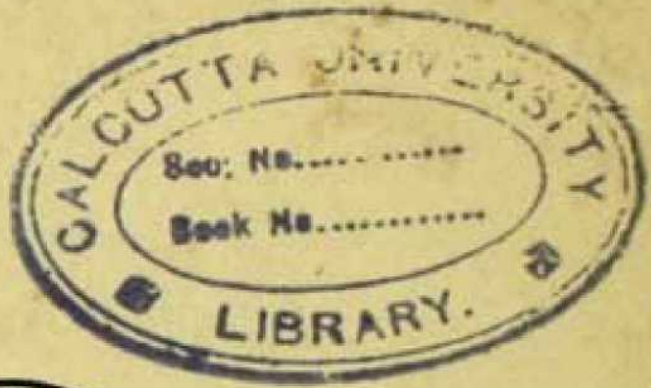
# SELECT READINGS



# SELECT READINGS

FROM

## ENGLISH PROSE



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# SELECT READINGS

## FROM ENGLISH PROSE

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### THE STRENGTH OF THE EMPIRE \*

I desire to take this opportunity to express our deepest gratitude for the sympathetic interest with which our journey was followed by our fellow-countrymen at home, and for the warm welcome with which we were greeted on our return. You were good enough, my Lord Mayor, to refer to His Majesty having marked our home-coming by creating me Prince of Wales.† I only hope that I may be worthy to hold that ancient and historical title, which was borne by my dear father for upwards of fifty-nine years. My Lord Mayor, you have attributed to us more credit than I think we deserve. For I feel that the debt of gratitude is not the nation's to us, but ours to the King and Government for having made it possible for us to carry out,

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\* From *The King to His People* by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Williams & Norgate, London.

† The speech was made when King George V was Prince of Wales.





with every consideration for our comfort and convenience, a voyage unique in its character, rich in the experience gained and in memories of warm and affectionate greetings from the many races of His Majesty's subjects in his great Dominions beyond the seas. And here, in the capital of our great Empire, I would repeat how profoundly touched and gratified we have been by the loyalty, affection, and enthusiasm which invariably characterized the welcome extended to us throughout our long and memorable tour.

It may interest you to know that we travelled over 45,000 miles, of which 33,000 were by sea; and I think it is a matter of which all may feel proud that, with the exception of Port Said, we never set foot on any land where the Union Jack did not fly. Leaving England in the middle of March, we first touched at Gibraltar and Malta, where, as a sailor, I was proud to meet the two great fleets of the Channel and Mediterranean. Passing through the Suez Canal—a monument to the genius and courage of a gifted son of the great friendly nation across the Channel—we entered at Aden the gateway of the East. We stayed for a short time to enjoy the unrivalled scenery of Ceylon and the Malay Peninsula, the gorgeous displays of their native races, and to see in what happy contentment these various peoples live and prosper under British rule. Perhaps there was something still more striking in the fact that the government, the commerce, and every form of enterprise in these countries are under the leadership and direction of but a handful of our countrymen, and to realize the high qualities





## THE STRENGTH OF THE EMPIRE 3

of the men who have won and who keep for us that splendid position.

Australia saw the consummation of the great mission which was the more immediate object of our journey; and you can imagine the feelings of pride with which I presided over the inauguration of the first representative Assembly of the new-born Australian Commonwealth, in whose hands are placed the destinies of that great island continent. During a happy stay of many weeks in the different States, we were able to gain an insight into the working of the commercial, social, and political institutions, of which the country justly boasts, and to see something of the great progress which it has already made, and of its great capabilities, while making the acquaintance of many of the warm-hearted and large-minded men to whose personality and energy so much of that progress is due. New Zealand afforded us a striking example of a vigorous, independent, and prosperous people, living in the full enjoyment of free and liberal institutions, and where many interesting social experiments are being put to the test of experience. Here we had the satisfaction of meeting large gatherings of the Maori people—once a brave and resolute foe, now peaceful and devoted subjects of the King. Tasmania, which in natural characteristics and climate reminded us of the old country, was visited when our faces were at length turned homeward.

Mauritius, with its beautiful tropical scenery, its classical, literary, naval and historical associations, and its population gifted with all the charming characteristics of old France, was our first halting-place on our way to receive, in Natal and Cape Colony,





a welcome remarkable in its warmth and enthusiasm, which appeared to be accentuated by the heavy trial of the long and grievous war under which they have suffered. To Canada was borne the message—already conveyed to Australia and New Zealand—of the Motherland's loving appreciation of the services rendered by her gallant sons. In a journey from ocean to ocean, marvellous in its comfort and organization, we were enabled to see something of its matchless scenery, the richness of its soil, the boundless possibilities of that vast and but partly explored territory. We saw, too, the success which has crowned the efforts to weld into one community the peoples of its two great races. Our final halting-place was, by the express desire of the King, Newfoundland—the oldest of our colonies, and the first visited by His Majesty in 1860. The hearty seafaring population of this island gave us a reception the cordiality of which is still fresh in our memories.

If I were asked to specify any particular impressions derived from our journey, I should unhesitatingly place before all others that of loyalty to the Crown, and of attachment to the old country; and it was touching to hear the invariable references to home, even from the lips of those who never had been or were ever likely to be in these islands. And with this loyalty were unmistakable evidences of the consciousness of strength, of a true and living membership in the Empire, and of power and readiness to share the burden and responsibility of that membership. And were I to seek for the causes which have created and fostered this spirit, I should venture to attribute them, in a very large degree, to the life and example





of our late beloved Sovereign. It would be difficult to exaggerate the signs of genuine sorrow for her loss, and of love for her memory, which we found amongst all races, even in the most remote districts which we visited. Besides this, may we not find another cause—the wise and just policy which, in the last half century, has been continuously maintained towards our colonies? As a result of the happy relations thus created between the Mother Country and her colonies, we have seen their spontaneous rally round the old flag in defence of the nation's honour in South Africa.

I had ample opportunities to form some estimate of the military strength of Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, having reviewed upwards of 60,000 troops. Abundant and excellent material is available, requiring only that moulding into shape which can be readily effected by the hands of capable and experienced officers. I am anxious to refer to an admirable movement which has taken strong root in both Australia and New Zealand—and that is the cadet corps. On several occasions I had the gratification of seeing march past several thousand cadets, armed and equipped, and who, at the expense of their respective Governments, are able to go through a military course, and in some cases with an annual grant of practice ammunition. I will not presume, in these days of army reform, to do more than call the attention of my friend, the Secretary of State for War, to this interesting fact.

To the distinguished representatives of the commercial interest of the Empire whom I have the pleasure of seeing here to-day, I venture to allude to the impression, which seemed generally to prevail





among their brethren-across the seas, that the old country must wake up if she intends to maintain her old position of pre-eminence in her colonial trade against foreign competitors. No one who had the privilege of enjoying the experiences which we have had during our tour could fail to be struck with one all-prevailing and pressing demand—the want of population. Even in the oldest of our colonies there were abundant signs of this need—boundless tracts of country yet unexplored, hidden mineral wealth calling for development, vast expanses of virgin soil ready to yield profitable crops to the settlers. And these can be enjoyed under conditions of healthy living, liberal laws, free institutions, in exchange for the overcrowded cities and the almost hopeless struggle for existence, which, alas, too often is the lot of many in the old country. But one condition, and one only, is made by our colonial brethren, and that is, “Send us suitable emigrants.” I would go further, and appeal to my fellow-countrymen at home to prove the strength of the attachment of the motherland to her children by sending to them only of her best. By this means we may still further strengthen, or, at all events, pass on unimpaired, that pride of race, that unity of sentiment and purpose, that feeling of common loyalty and obligation, which knit together and alone can maintain the integrity of our Empire.

*H. I. M. King George V.*

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## THE DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Zutphen, or South-Fen, an antique town of wealth and elegance, was the capital of the old Landgraves of Zutphen. It is situate on the right bank of the Yssel, that branch of the Rhine which flows between Gelderland and Overijssel into the Zuyder Zee.

The ancient river, broad, deep and languid, glides through a plain of almost boundless extent, till it loses itself in the flat and misty horizon. On the other side of the stream, in the district called the Veluwe or bad meadow, were three sconces, one of them of remarkable strength. An island between the city and the shore was likewise well fortified. On the landward side the town was protected by a wall and most sufficiently strong in those infant days of artillery. Near the hospital gate, on the east, was an external fortress guarding the road to Warnsfeld. This was a small village, with a solitary slender church-spire, shooting up above a cluster of neat one-storied houses. It was about an English mile from Zutphen, in the midst of a wide, low, somewhat fenny plain, which, in winter, became so completely a lake, that peasants were not unfrequently drowned in attempting to pass from the city to the village. In summer, the vague expanse of country was fertile and cheerful of aspect. Long rows of poplars marking the straight highways, clumps of pollard willows scattered around the little meres, snug farm-houses with kitchen-gardens and brilliant flower-patches dotting the level plain, verdant pastures sweeping off into seemingly infinite distance, where the innumerable cattle seemed to swarm like insects, windmills



swinging their arms in all directions, like protective giants, to save the country from inundation, the lagging sail of market-boats shining through rows of orchard trees—all gave to the environs of Zutphen a tranquil and domestic charm.

Deventer and Kampen, the two other places on the river, were in the hands of the States. It was, therefore, desirable for the English and the patriots, by gaining possession of Zutphen, to obtain control of the Yssel; driven, as they had been, from the Meuse and Rhine.

Sir John Norris, by Leicester's direction, took possession of a small rising-ground, called "Gibbet Hill," on the land-side, where he established a fortified camp, and proceeded to invest the city. With him were Count Lewis William of Nassau and Sir Philip Sidney, while the Earl himself, crossing the Yssel on a bridge of boats which he had constructed, reserved for himself the reduction of the forts upon the Veluwe side.

Farnese, meantime, was not idle; and Leicester's calculations proved correct. As soon as the Prince was informed of this important demonstration of the enemy he broke up—after brief debate with his officers—his camp before Rheinberg, and came to Wesel. At this place he built a bridge over the Rhine, and fortified it with two block-houses. These he placed under command of Claude Berlot, who was ordered to watch strictly all communication up the river with the city of Rheinberg, which he thus kept in a partially beleaguered state. Alexander then advanced rapidly by way of Groll and Burik, both which places he took possession of, to the neighbourhood of Zutphen. He





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was determined, at every hazard, to relieve that important city; and although, after leaving necessary detachments on the way, he had but five thousand men under his command, besides fifteen hundred under Verdugo—making sixty-five hundred in all—he had decided that the necessity of the case, and his own honour, required him to seek the enemy, and to leave, as he said, the issue with the God of battles, whose cause it was.

Tassis, lieutenant-governor of Gelderland, was ordered into the city with two cornets of horse and six hundred foot. As large a number had already been stationed there. Verdugo, who had been awaiting the arrival of the Prince at Borkelo, a dozen miles from Zutphen, with four hundred foot and two hundred horse, now likewise entered the city.

On the night of 29th August \* Alexander himself entered Zutphen, for the purpose of encouraging the garrison by promises of relief, and of ascertaining the position of the enemy by personal observation. His presence, as it always did, inspired the soldiers with enthusiasm so that they could with difficulty be restrained from rushing forth to assault the besiegers. In regard to the enemy, he found that Gibbet Hill was still occupied by Sir John Norris, "the best soldier, in his opinion, that they had," who had entrenched himself very strongly, and was supposed to have thirty-five hundred men under his command. His position seemed quite impregnable. The rest of the English were on the other side of the river, and Alexander observed, with satisfaction, that





they had abandoned a small redoubt, near the leper-house, outside the Loor-Gate, through which the reinforcements must enter the city. The Prince determined to profit by this mistake, and to seize the opportunity thus afforded of sending those much-needed supplies. During the night the enemy were found to be throwing up works "most furiously," and skirmishing parties were sent out of the town to annoy them. In the darkness nothing of consequence was effected, but a Scotch officer was captured, who informed the Spanish commander that the enemy was fifteen thousand strong—a number which was nearly double that of Leicester's actual force. In the morning Alexander returned to his camp at Borkelo—leaving Tassis in command of the Veluwe Forts, and Verdugo in the city itself—and he at once made rapid work in collecting victuals. Soon he had wheat and other supplies in readiness, sufficient to feed four thousand mouths for three months, and these he determined to send into the city immediately, and at every hazard.

The great convoy which was now to be dispatched required great care and a powerful escort. Twenty-five hundred musketeers and pikemen, of whom one thousand were Spaniards, and six hundred cavalry, Epirotes, Spaniards, and Italians, under Hannibal Gonzaga, George Crescia, Bentivoglio, Sesa, and others, were accordingly detailed for this expedition. The Marquis del Vasto, to whom was entrusted the chief command, was ordered to march from Borkelo at midnight on Wednesday, October 1. It was calculated that he would reach a certain hillock not far from Warnsfeld by dawn of day. Here he was to pause, and send forward an officer towards the





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town, communicating his arrival, and requesting the co-operation of Verdugo, who was to make a sortie with one thousand men, according to Alexander's previous arrangements. The plan was successfully carried out. The Marquis arrived by daybreak at the spot indicated, and dispatched Captain de Vega, who contrived to send intelligence of the fact. A trooper, whom Parma had himself sent to Verdugo with earlier information of the movement, had been captured on the way. Leicester had, therefore, been apprized, at an early moment, of the Prince's intentions, but he was not aware that the convoy would be accompanied by so strong a force as had really been detailed.

He had accordingly ordered Sir John Norris, who commanded on the outside of the town near the road which the Spaniards must traverse, to place an ambuscade in his way. Sir John, always ready for adventurous enterprises, took a body of two hundred cavalry, all picked men, and ordered Sir William Stanley, with three hundred pikemen, to follow. A much stronger force of infantry was held in reserve and readiness, but it was not thought that ~~it~~ would be required. The ambuscade was successfully placed, before the dawn of Thursday morning, in the neighbourhood of Warnsfeld church. On the other hand, the Earl of Leicester himself, anxious as to the result, came across the river just at daybreak. He was accompanied by the chief gentlemen in his camp, who could never be restrained when blows were passing current.

The business that morning was a commonplace and practical, though an important one, to "impeach"



a convoy of wheat and barley, butter, cheese, and beef—but the names of those noble and knightly volunteers, familiar throughout Christendom, sound like the roll-call for some chivalrous tournament. There were Essex and Audley, Stanley, Pelham, Russell, both the Sidneys, all the Norrises, men whose valour had been proved on many a hard-fought battle-field. There, too, was Lord Willoughby, the famous hero of British ballad, whose name was so often to ring on the plains of the Netherlands.

Twenty such volunteers as these sat on horseback that morning around the stately Earl of Leicester. It seemed an incredible extravagance to send a handful of such heroes against an army.

But the English commander-in-chief, had been listening to the insidious tongue of Roland York—that bold, plausible, unscrupulous partisan, already twice a renegade, of whom more was ere long to be heard in the Netherlands and England. Of the man's courage there could be no doubt, and he was about to fight that morning in the front rank at the head of his company. But he had, for some mysterious reason, been bent upon persuading the Earl that the Spaniards were no match for Englishmen at a hand-to-hand contest. When they could ride freely up and down, he said, and use their lances as they liked, they were formidable. But the English were stronger men, better riders, better mounted, and better armed. The Spaniards hated helmets and proof armour, while the English trooper, in casque, cuirass, and greaves, was a living fortress, impregnable to Spanish or Italian light horseman. And Leicester seemed almost convinced by his reasoning.



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It was five o'clock of a chill autumn morning. It was time for day to break, but the fog was so thick that a man at the distance of five yards was quite invisible. The creaking of waggon-wheels and the measured tramp of soldiers soon became faintly audible, however, to Sir John Norris and his five hundred as they sat there in the mist. Presently came galloping forward in hot haste those nobles and gentlemen, with their esquires, fifty men in all—Sidney, Willoughby, and the rest—whom Leicester had no longer been able to restrain from taking part in the adventure.

A force of infantry, the amount of which cannot be satisfactorily ascertained, had been ordered by the Earl to cross the bridge at a later moment. Sidney's cornet of horse was then in Deventer, to which place it had been sent in order to assist in quelling an anticipated revolt, so that he came like most of his companions, as a private volunteer and a knight-errant.

The arrival of the expected convoy was soon more distinctly heard, but no scouts or outposts had been stationed to give timely notice of the enemy's movements. Suddenly the fog, which had shrouded the scene so closely, rolled away like a curtain, and in the full light of an October morning the Englishmen found themselves face to face with a compact body of more than three thousand men. The Marquis del Vasto rode at the head of the force, surrounded by a band of mounted arquebus men. The cavalry, under the famous Epirote chief George Crescia, Hannibal Gonzaga, Bentiyoglio, Sesa, Conti, and other distinguished commanders, followed; the columns of pikemen and musketeers lined the hedgerows on both



sides the causeway ; while between them the long train of waggons came slowly along under their protection. The whole force had got in motion after having sent notice of their arrival to Verdugo, who, with one or two thousand men, was expected to sally forth almost immediately from the city gate.

There was but brief time for deliberation. Notwithstanding the tremendous odds there was no thought of retreat. Black Norris called to Sir William Stanley, with whom he had been at variance so lately at Doesburg:—

“ There hath been ill-blood between us,” he said. “ let us be friends together this day, and die side by side, if need be, in Her Majesty’s cause.”

“ If you see me not serve my prince with faithful courage now,” replied Stanley, “ account me for ever a coward. Living or dying I will stand or lie by you in friendship.”

As they were speaking these words the young Earl of Essex, general of the horse, cried to his handful of troopers:—

“ Follow me, good fellows, for the honour of England and of England’s Queen ! ”

As he spoke he dashed, lance in rest, upon the enemy’s cavalry, overthrew the foremost man, horse and rider, shivered his own spear to splinters, and then swinging his curtal-axe, rode merrily forward. His whole little troop, compact as an arrow-head, flew with an irresistible shock against the opposing columns, pierced clean through them, and scattered them in all directions. At the very first charge one hundred English horsemen drove the Spanish and Albanian cavalry back upon the musketeers and pikemen.



## THE DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY 15

Wheeling with rapidity, they retired before a volley of musket-shot, by which many horses and a few riders were killed, and then formed again to renew the attack. Sir Philip Sidney, on coming to the field, having met Sir William Pelham, the veteran lord marshal, lightly armed, had with chivalrous extravagance thrown off his own cuishes, and now rode to the battle with no armour but his cuirass. At the second charge his horse was shot under him, but, mounting another, he was seen everywhere in the thick of the fight, behaving himself with a gallantry which extorted admiration even from the enemy.

For the battle was a series of personal encounters in which high officers were doing the work of private soldiers. Lord North, who had been lying "bed-ridden," with a musket-shot in the leg, had got himself put on horseback, and "with one boot on and one boot off," bore himself "most lustily" through the whole affair. "I desire that Her Majesty may know," he said, "that I live but to serve her. A better barony than I have could not hire the Lord North to live on meaner terms." Sir William Russell laid about him with his curtal-axe to such purpose that the Spaniards pronounced him a devil and not a man. "Wherever," said an eye-witness, "he saw five or six of the enemy together, thither would he; and with his hard knocks soon separated their friendship." Lord Willoughby encountered George Crescia, general of the famed Albanian cavalry, unhorsed him at the first shock, and rolled him into the ditch. "I yield me thy prisoner," called out the Epirot in French, "for thou art a *preux chevalier*"; while Willoughby, trusting to his captive's word, galloped onward, and with him the rest of the





little troop, till they seemed swallowed up by the superior numbers of the enemy. His horse was shot under him, his basses were torn from his legs, and he was nearly taken a prisoner, but fought his way back with incredible strength and good fortune. Sir William Stanley's horse had seven bullets in him, but bore his rider unhurt to the end of the battle. Leicester declared Sir William and "old Beade" to be "worth their weight in pearl."

Hannibal Gonzaga, leader of the Spanish cavalry, fell mortally wounded. The Marquis del Vasto, commander of the expedition, nearly met the same fate. An Englishman was just cleaving his head with a battle axe, when a Spaniard transfixed the soldier with his pike. The most obstinate struggle took place about the train of waggons. The teamsters had fled in the beginning of the action, but the English and Spanish soldiers struggling with the horses, and pulling them forward and backward, tried in vain to get exclusive possession of the convoy which was the cause of the action. The carts at last forced their way slowly nearer and nearer to the town, while the combat still went on, warm as ever, between the hostile squadrons. The action lasted an hour and a half, and again and again the Spanish horsemen wavered and broke before the handful of English, and fell back upon their musketeers. Sir Philip Sidney, in the last charge, rode quite through the enemy's ranks till he came upon their entrenchments, when a musket-ball from the camp struck him upon the thigh, three inches above the knee. Although desperately wounded in a part which should have been protected by the cuishes which he had thrown aside, he was not





## THE DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY 17

inclined to leave the field; but his own horse had been shot under him at the beginning of the action, and the one upon which he was now mounted became too restive for him, thus crippled, to control. He turned reluctantly away, and rode a mile and a half back to the entrenchments, suffering extreme pain, for his leg was dreadfully shattered. As he passed along the edge of the battle-field his attendants brought him a bottle of water to quench his raging thirst. At that moment a wounded English soldier, "who had eaten his last at the same feast," looked up wistfully in his face, when Sidney instantly handed him the flask, exclaiming, "Thy necessity is even greater than mine." He then pledged his dying comrade in a draught, and was soon afterwards met by his uncle. "Oh, Philip," cried Leicester, in despair, "I am truly grieved to see thee in this plight." But Sidney comforted him with manful words, and assured him that death was sweet in the cause of his Queen and country. Sir William Russell, too, all blood-stained from the fight, threw his arms around his friend, wept like a child, and, kissing his hand, exclaimed, "Oh! noble Sir Philip, never did man attain hurt so honourably or serve so valiantly as you." Sir William Pelham declared "that Sidney's noble courage in the face of our enemies had won him a name of continuing honour."

The wounded gentleman was borne back to the camp, and thence in a barge to Arnheim. The fight was over. Sir John Norris bade Lord Leicester "be merry, for," said he, "you have had the honourablest day. A handful of men has driven the enemy three times to retreat." But, in truth, it was now time



for the English to retire in their turn. Their reserves never arrived. The whole force engaged against the thirty-five hundred Spaniards had never exceeded two hundred and fifty horse and three hundred foot, and of this number the chief work had been done by the fifty or sixty volunteers and their followers. The heroism which had been displayed was fruitless, except as a proof—and so Leicester wrote to the Palatine John Casimir—"that Spaniards were not invincible." Two thousand men now sallied from the Loor-Gate, under Verdugo and Tassis, to join the force under Vasto, and the English were forced to retreat. The whole convoy was then carried into the city, and the Spaniards remained masters of the field.

Thirteen troopers and twenty-two foot-soldiers, upon the English side, were killed. The enemy lost perhaps two hundred men. They were thrice turned from their position, and thrice routed, but they succeeded at last in their attempt to carry their convoy into Zutphen. Upon that day and the succeeding ones the town was completely victualled. Very little, therefore, save honour was gained by the display of English valour against overwhelming numbers—five hundred against near four thousand. Never in the whole course of the war had there been such fighting, for the troops upon both sides were picked men and veterans. For a long time afterwards it was the custom of Spaniards and Netherlanders, in characterising a hardly-contested action, to call it as warm as the fight at Zutphen.

"I think I may call it," said Leicester, "the most notable encounter that hath been in our age, and it will remain to our posterity famous."



## THE DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY 19

Nevertheless it is probable that the encounter would have been forgotten by posterity but for the melancholy close upon that field to Sidney's bright career. And perhaps the Queen of England had as much reason to blush for the incompetency of her general and favourite as to be proud of the heroism displayed by her officers and soldiers.

"There were too many indeed at this skirmish of the better sort," said Leicester; "only a two hundred and fifty horse, and most of them the best of this camp, and *unawares to me*. I was offended when I knew it, but could not fetch them back; but since they also well escaped (save my dear nephew), I would not for ten thousand pounds but they had been there, since they have all won that honour they have. Your Lordship never heard of such desperate charges as they gave upon the enemies in the face of their muskets."

He described Sidney's wound as "very dangerous, the bone being broken in pieces"; but said that the surgeons were in good hope. "I pray God to save his life," said the Earl, "and I care not how lame he be." Sir Philip was carried to Arnheim, where the best surgeons were immediately in attendance upon him. He submitted to their examination and the pain which they inflicted, with great cheerfulness, although himself persuaded that his wound was mortal. For many days the result was doubtful, and messages were sent day by day to England that he was convalescent—intelligence which was hailed by the Queen and people as a matter not of private but of public rejoicing. He soon began to fail, however. Count Hoheplo was badly wounded a few days later





before the great fort of Zutphen. A musket-ball entered his mouth, and passed through his cheek, carrying off a jewel which hung in his ear. Notwithstanding his own critical condition, however, Hohenlo sent his surgeon, Adrian van den Spiegel, a man of great skill, to wait upon Sir Philip, but Adrian soon felt that the case was hopeless. Meantime fever and gangrene attacked the Count himself; and those in attendance upon him, fearing for his life, sent for his surgeon. Leicester refused to allow Adrian to depart and Hohenlo very generously acquiescing in the decree, but also requiring the surgeon's personal care, caused himself to be transported in a litter to Arnheim.

Sydney was the first to recognise the symptoms of mortification, which made a fatal result inevitable. His demeanour during his sickness and upon his death-bed was as beautiful as his life. He discoursed with his friends concerning the immortality of the soul, comparing the doctrines of Plato and of other ancient philosophers, whose writings were so familiar to him, with the revelations of Scripture and with the dictates of natural religion. He made his will with minute and elaborate provisions, leaving bequests, remembrances, and rings, to all his friends. Then he indulged himself with music, and listened particularly to a strange song which he had himself composed during his illness, and which he had entitled 'La Cuisse rompue.' He took leave of the friends around him with perfect calmness, saying to his brother Robert, "Love my memory. Cherish my friends. Above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator; in me beholding the end of this world with all her vanities."

BCU 1889





And thus this gentle and heroic spirit took its flight.

*Motley.*

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### RANA PRATAP

Pratap succeeded to the titles and renown of an illustrious house, but without a capital, without resources, his kindred and clans dispirited by reverses : yet possessed of the noble spirit of his race, he meditated the recovery of Cheetore, the vindication of the honour of his house; and the restoration of its power. Elevated with this design, he hurried into conflict with his powerful antagonist, nor stooped to calculate the means which were opposed to him. Accustomed to read in his country's annals the splendid deeds of his forefathers, he trusted that the revolutions of fortune might co-operate with his own efforts to overturn the throne of Delhi. Meanwhile, his opponent was counteracting his views by a scheme of policy which, when disclosed, filled his heart with anguish. Akbar arrayed against Pratap his kindred in faith as well as blood. The princes of Marwar, Ambar, Bikaner, and even Boondi, late his firm ally, took part with Akbar. Nay, even his own brother, Sagarji, deserted him, and received, as the price of his treachery, the ancient capital of his race, and the title which that possession conferred.

114.203



But the magnitude of the peril confirmed the fortitude of Pratap. Single-handed, for a quarter of a century, did he withstand the combined efforts of the empire; at one time carrying destruction into the plains, at another flying from rock to rock, feeding his family from the fruits of his native hills, and rearing the nursling hero Umra, amidst savage beasts and scarce less savage men. The bare idea that 'the son of Bappa Rawal should bow the head to mortal man,' was insupportable. The brilliant acts he achieved during that period live in every valley; they are enshrined in the heart of every true Rajpoot, and many are recorded in the annals of the conquerors.

Pratap was nobly supported; and though wealth and fortune tempted the fidelity of his chiefs, not one was found base enough to abandon him. Nay, some chiefs, attracted by the very desperation of his fortunes, pressed to his standard, to combat and die with Pratap.

To commemorate the desolation of Cheetore, which the bardic historian represents as a 'widow' despoiled of the ornaments to her loveliness, Pratap interdicted to himself and his successors every article of luxury or pomp, until the insignia of her glory should be redeemed. The gold and silver dishes were laid aside for '*pateras*'\* of leaves; their beds henceforth of straw, and their beards left untouched. But in order more distinctly to mark their fallen fortune and stimulate its recovery, he commanded that the martial *nakaras*, which always sounded in the van of

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\* The first invented drinking cup or eating vessel being made from the leaf (*pat*).



battles or processions should follow in the rear. This last sign of the depression of Mewar still survives; the beard is yet untouched by the shears; and even in the subterfuge by which the patriot king's behest is set aside, we have a tribute to his memory: for though his descendant eats off gold and silver and sleeps upon a bed, he places leaves beneath the one and straw under the other.

With the aid of some chiefs of judgment and experience, Pratap remodelled his government. Komulmeer, now the seat of government, was strengthened, as well as Gogoonda and other mountain fortresses; and, being unable to keep the field in the plains of Mewar, he followed the system of his ancestors, and commanded his subjects, on pain of death, to retire into the mountains. During the protracted contest, the fertile tract watered by the Bunas and the Beris was *becheragh*, 'without a lamp.'

Many tales are related of the unrelenting severity with which Pratap enforced obedience to this stern policy. Frequently, with a few horse, he issued forth to see that his commands were obeyed. The silence of the desert prevailed in the plains; grass had usurped the place of the waving corn; the high-ways were choked with the thorny *babool*, and beasts of prey made their abode in the habitations of his subjects. In the midst of this desolation, a single goat-herd, trusting to elude observation, disobeyed his prince's injunction, and pastured his flock in the luxuriant meadows of Ontalla, on the banks of the Bunas. After a few questions, he was killed and hung up in *terrorem*. By such patriotic severity,



Pratap rendered 'the garden of Rajasthan' of no value to the conqueror, and the commerce already established between the Mogul court and Europe, conveyed through Mewar from Surat and other ports, was intercepted and plundered.

Akbar took the field against the Rajpoot prince, establishing his head-quarters at Ajmeer. This celebrated fortress had admitted for sometime a royal garrison. Maldeo of Marwar, who had so ably opposed the usurper Shere Shah, was compelled to follow the example of his brother prince, Bhagwandas of Ambar, and to place himself at the footstool of Akbar: only two years subsequent to Pratap's accession, after a brave but fruitless resistance in Mairta and Jodhpur, he sent his son, Oody Sing, to pay homage to the king. Akbar received him at Nagore, on his route to Ajmeer, on which occasion the Raos of Mundore were made Rajas; and as the heir of Marwar was of uncommon bulk, the title by which he was afterwards known in Rajasthan was Mota Rajah.' He was the first of his race who gave a daughter in marriage to a Tatar. The reward he received was splendid; for four provinces, yielding £200,000 of annual revenue, were given in exchange for Jod Bae, at once doubling the fisc of Marwar. With such examples as Ambar and Marwar, and with less power to resist the temptation, the minor chiefs of Rajasthan, with a brave and numerous vassalage, were transformed into satraps of Delhi, and the importance of most of them was increased by the change.

But there were fearful odds against Pratap. When Hindu prejudice was thus violated by every



prince of Rajasthan, the Rana renounced all alliance with those who were thus degraded; and in order to carry on the line, he sought out and incorporated with the first class of nobles of his own kin the descendants of the ancient princes of Delhi, of Puttan, of Marwar, and of Dhar. To the eternal honour of Pratap and his issue be it told, that to the very close of the monarchy of the Moguls, they not only refused such alliance with the throne, but even with their brother princes of Marwar and Ambar. It is a proud triumph of virtue to record, from the autograph letters of the most powerful of their princes, Bukht Singh and Jey Singh, that whilst they had risen to greatness from the surrender of principle, as Mewar had decayed from her adherence to it, they should, even while basking in court favour, solicit, and that humbly, to be re-admitted to the honour of matrimonial intercourse—'to be purified,' 'to be regenerated,' 'to be made Rajpoots':—and that this was granted only on condition of their abjuring the contaminating practice which had disunited them for more than a century.

An anecdote illustrative of the settled repugnance of this noble family to sully the purity of its blood may here be related, as its result had a material influence on its subsequent condition. Raja Maun, who had succeeded to the throne of Ambar, was the most celebrated of his race, and from him may be dated the rise of his country. Selim had espoused a daughter of Bhagwandas, consequently Raja Maun was brother-in-law to Selim. His courage and talents well seconded this natural advantage, and he became the most conspicuous of all the generals of the empire. To him Akbar was indebted for half his triumphs.



The Cutchwaha bards find a delightful theme in recounting his exploits, from the snow-clad Caucasus to the shores of the 'golden Chersonese.' Let the eye embrace these extremes of his conquests, Cabul and the Paropamisan of Alexander, and Arracan (a name now well-known) on the Indian Ocean; the former re-united, the latter subjugated, to the empire by a Rajpoot prince and a Rajpoot army. But Akbar knew the master-key to Hindu feeling, and by his skill overcame prejudices deemed insurmountable.

Raja Maun was returning from the conquest of Sholapur to Hindusthan when he invited himself to an interview with Pratap, then at Komulmeer, who advanced to the Oody-Sagur to receive him. On the mound which embanks this lake a feast was prepared for the prince of Ambar. The board was spread, the Raja summoned, and Prince Umra appointed to wait upon him; but no Rana appeared, for whose absence apologies alleging headache were urged by his son, with the request that Raja Maun would waive all ceremony and receive his welcome. The prince in a tone at once dignified and respectful, replied : " Tell the Rana I can divine the cause of his headache; but the error is irremediable, and if he refuses to put a plate (*Khaysa*) before me, who will ? " Further subterfuge was useless. The Rana expressed his regret; but added, that " he could not eat with a Rajpoot who gave his sister to a Toork, and who probably ate with him." Raja Maun was unwise to have risked this disgrace : and if the invitation went from Pratap, the insult was ungenerous as well as impolitic; but of this he is acquitted. Raja Maun left the feast untouched, *save the few grains of rice he offered to*



*Undeva* which he placed in his turban, observing as he withdrew : "It was for the preservation of your honour that we sacrificed our own, and gave our sisters and our daughters to the Toork; but abide in peril, if such be your resolve, for this country shall not hold you "; and mounting his horse he turned to the Rana, who appeared at this abrupt termination of his visit, " If I do not humble your pride, my name is not Maun "; to which Pratap replied he would always be happy to meet him. The ground was deemed impure where the feast was spread : it was broken up and lustrated with the water of the Ganges, and the chiefs who witnessed the humiliation of one they deemed apostate, bathed and changed their vestments. Every act was reported to the emperor, who was exasperated at the insult thus offered to himself, and who justly dreaded the revival of those prejudices he had hoped were vanquished; and it hastened the first of those sanguinary battles which have immortalised the name of Pratap : nor will Huldighat be forgotten while a Seesodia occupies Mewar, or a bard survives to relate the tale.

Prince Selim, the heir of Delhi, led the war, guided by the counsels of Raja Maun, and the distinguished apostate son of Sagurji, Mohabat Khan. Pratap trusted to his native hills and the valour of twenty-two thousand Rajpoots to withstand the son of Akbar. The divisions of the royal army encountered little opposition at the exterior defiles by which they penetrated the western side of the Aravali, concentrating as they approached the chief pass which conducted to the vulnerable part of this intricate country.



The range to which Pratap was restricted was the mountainous region around though chiefly to the west of the new capital. The approaches to the capital from every point to the north, west, and south, are so narrow as to merit the term of defile; on each side lofty perpendicular rocks, with scarcely breadth for two carriages abreast, across which are those ramparts of nature termed *Col* in the mountain scenery of Europe, which occasionally open into spaces sufficiently capacious to encamp a large force. Such was the plain of Huldighat, at the base of a neck of mountain which shut up the valley and rendered it almost inaccessible. Above and below the Rajpoots were posted, and on the cliffs and pinnacles overlooking the field of battle, the faithful aborigines, the *Bhils*, with their natural weapon the bow and arrow, and huge stones ready to roll upon the invaders.

At this pass Pratap was posted with the flower of Mewar, and glorious was the struggle for its maintenance. Clan after clan followed with desperate intrepidity, emulating the daring of their prince, who led the crimson banner into the hottest part of the field. In vain he strained every nerve to encounter Raja Maun; but though denied the luxury of revenge on his Rajpoot foe, he made good a passage to where Selim commanded. His guards fell before Pratap, and but for the steel plates which defended his *hawda*, the lance of the Rajpoot would have deprived Akbar of his heir. His steed, the gallant Chytuc, nobly seconded his lord, and is represented in all the historical drawings of this battle with one foot raised upon the elephant of the Mogul, while his rider has his lance propelled against his foe. The conductor,



destitute of the means of defence, was slain, when the infuriated animal, now without control, carried off Selim. On this spot the carnage was immense : the Moguls eager to defend Selim; the heroes of Mewar to second their prince, who had already received seven wounds. Marked by the ' royal umbrella,' which he would not lay aside, and which collected the might of the enemy against him, Pratap was thrice rescued from amidst the foe, and was at length nearly overwhelmed, when the Jhala Chief gave a signal instance of fidelity, and extricated him with the loss of his own life. Manah seized upon the insignia of Mewar, and rearing the ' gold sun ' over his own head, made good his way to an intricate position, drawing after him the brunt of the battle, while his prince was forced from the field. With all his brave vassals the noble Jhala fell; and in remembrance of the deed his descendants have, since the day of Huldighat, borne the regal ensigns of Mewar, and enjoyed ' the right-hand of her princes.' But this desperate valour was unavailing against such a force, with a numerous field artillery, and a dromedary corps mounting swivels. Of twenty-two thousand Rajpoots assembled on that day for the defence of Huldighat, only eight thousand quitted the field alive.

Pratap unattended, fled on the gallant Chytuc, who had borne him through the day, and who saved him now by leaping a mountain stream when closely pursued by two Mogul chiefs, whom this impediment momentarily checked. But Chytuc, like his master, was wounded; his pursuers gained upon Pratap, and the flash from the flinty rock announced them at his heels, when, in the broad accents of his native tongue,



the salutation *ho ! nila ghora ka aswar*, 'ho! rider of the blue horse,' made him look back, and he beheld but a single horseman : that horseman his brother.

Sukta, whose personal enmity to Pratap had made him a traitor to Mewar, beheld from the ranks of Akbar the 'blue horse' flying unattended. Resentment was extinguished, and a feeling of affection, mingling with sad and humiliating recollections, took possession of his bosom. He joined in the pursuit, but only to slay the pursuers, who fell beneath his lance; and now, for the first time in their lives, the brothers embraced in friendship. Here Chytuc fell, and as the Rana unbuckled his caparison to place it upon Unkarro, presented to him by his brother, the noble steed expired. An altar was raised and yet marks the spot, where Chytuc died; and the entire scene may be seen painted on the walls of half the houses of the capital.

The greeting between the brothers was necessarily short; Sukta quitted Pratap with the assurance of reunion at the first safe opportunity. On rejoining Selim, the truth of Sukta was greatly doubted when he related that Pratap had not only slain his pursuers, but his own steed, which obliged him to return on that of the Khorasani. Prince Selim pledged his word to pardon him if he related the truth; when Sukta replied, "the burthen of a kingdom is on my brother's shoulders, nor could I witness his danger without defending him from it." Selim kept his word, but dismissed the future head of the Suktawuts. Determined to make a suitable *nuzzur* on his introduction, he redeemed Bhynsrer by a *coup de main*, and joined Pratap at Oodipur, who made him



a grant of the conquest, which long remained the chief abode of the Suktawuts.

Elate with victory, Selim left the hills. The rainy season had set in, which impeded operations, and obtained for Pratap a few months of repose; but with the spring the foe returned, when he was again defeated, and took post in Komulmeer, which was invested by Shabaz Khan. He here made a gallant and protracted resistance, and did not retire till insects rendered the water of the 'Nogun' well, their sole resource, impure. To the treachery of the Deora chief of Aboo, who was now with Akbar, this deed is imputed. Pratap thence withdrew to Chaond.

On the fall of Komulmeer, the castles of Dhurmeti and Gogoonda were invested by Raja Maun. Mohabat Khan took possession of Oodipur; and Farid Khan approached Chaond from the south. Thus beset on every side, dislodged from the most secret retreats, and hunted from glen to glen, there appeared no hope for Pratap : yet, even while his pursuers deemed him panting in some obscure lurking-place, he would by mountain signals re-assemble his bands, and assail them unawares and often unguarded. By a skilful manœuvre, Farid, who dreamed of nothing less than making the Rajpoot prince his prisoner, was blocked up in a defile and his force cut off to a man. Unaccustomed to such warfare, the Moguls became disgusted with combating a foe seldom tangible; while the monsoon swelled the mountain streams, filling the reservoirs with mineral poisons and the air with pestilential exhalations. The periodical rains, accordingly, always brought some respite to Pratap.



Years thus rolled away, each ending with a diminution of his means and an increase to his misfortunes. His family was his chief source of anxiety ; he dreaded their captivity, an apprehension often on the point of being realised. On one occasion they were saved by the faithful *Bhils* of Cavah, who carried them in wicker baskets and concealed them in the tin mines of Jawura, where they guarded and fed them. Bolts and rings are still preserved in the trees about Jawura and Chaond, to which baskets, the only cradles of the royal children of Mewar, hung in order to preserve them from the tiger and the wolf. Yet amidst such complicated evils the fortitude of Pratap remained unshaken, and a spy sent by Akbar represented the Rajpoot and his chiefs seated at a scanty meal, maintaining all the etiquette observed in prosperity, the Rana bestowing the *doonah* on the most deserving, and which, though only of the wild fruit of the country, was received with all the reverence of better days. Such inflexible magnanimity touched the soul of Akbar, and extorted the homage of every chief in Rajasthan; nor could those who swelled the gorgeous train of the emperor withhold their admiration. Nay, these annals have preserved some stanzas addressed by Abul Fazal, the first of the satraps of Delhi, to the noble Rajpoot, in his native tongue, applauding his valour and stimulating his perseverance; " All is unstable in this world : land and wealth will disappear, but the virtue of a great name lives for ever. Pratap abandoned wealth and land, but never bowed the head, alone, of all the princes of Hind, he preserved the honour of his race."



But there were moments when the wants of those dearer than his own life almost excited him to frenzy. The wife of his bosom was insecure, even in the rock or the cave; and his infants, heirs to every luxury, were weeping around him for food; for with such pertinacity did the Mogul myrmidons pursue them, that meals ready and prepared had to be abandoned for want of opportunity to eat them.

On one occasion, his queen and his son's wife were preparing a few cakes from the flower of the meadow grass, of which one was given to each; half for the present, the rest for a future meal. Pratap was stretched beside them pondering on his misfortunes, when a piercing cry from his daughter roused him from reflection: a wild cat had darted on the reserved portion of the food, and the agony of hunger made her shrieks insupportable. Until that moment his fortitude had been unsubdued. He had beheld his sons and his kindred fall around him on the field without emotion—"for this the Rajpoot was born"; but the lamentation of his children for food "unmanned him." He cursed the name of royalty, if only to be enjoyed on such conditions, and he demanded of Akbar a mitigation of his hardships.

Overjoyed at this indication of submission, the emperor commanded public rejoicings and exultingly shewed the letter to Prithwi Raj, a Rajpoot compelled to join Akbar. Prithwi Raj was the younger brother of the prince of Bikaner, a state recently grown out of the Rahtores of Marwar. He, one of the most gallant chieftains of the age, could grace a cause with the soul-inspiring effusions of the muse, as well as aid



it with his sword; nay, in an assembly of the bards of Rajasthan, the palm of merit was unanimously awarded to the Rahtore cavalier. He adored the very name of Pratap, and the intelligence filled him with grief. With all the warmth and frankness of his nature he told the king it was a forgery of some foe to the fame of the Rajpoot prince. "I know him well," said he; "for your crown he would not submit to your terms." He requested and obtained permission from the king to transmit by his courier a letter to Pratap, ostensibly to ascertain the fact of his submission, but really with the view to prevent it. On this occasion he composed the following couplets :—

"The hopes of the Hindu rest on the Hindu; yet the Rana forsakes them. But for Pratap, all would be placed on the same level by Akbar; for our chiefs have lost their valour and our females their respect. Akbar is the broker in the market of our race; all has he purchased but the son of Oodoh; he is beyond his price. What true Rajpoot would part with honour yet how many have bartered it away? Will Cheetore come to this market, when all have disposed of the chief article of the *Khetri*? Though Pratap has squandered away wealth, yet this treasure has he preserved. Despair has driven many to this mart, to witness their dishonour : from such infamy the descendant of Hamir alone has been preserved. The world asks, 'Whence the concealed aid of Pratap?' None but the soul of manliness and his sword. With it well has he maintained the *Khetri's* pride. This broker in the market of men will one day be overreached; he cannot live for ever; then will our race come to Pratap, for the seed of the Rajpoot to sow in our desolate lands. To him all



look for its preservation, that its purity may again become resplendent."

This effusion of the Rahtore was equal to ten thousand men; it nerved the drooping mind of Pratap, and roused him into action : for it was a noble incentive to find every eye of his race fixed upon him.

Unable to stem the torrent, Pratap formed a resolution worthy of his character; he determined to abandon Mewar and blood-stained Cheetore (no longer the stay of his race), and to lead his Seesodias to the Indus, plant ' the crimson banner ' on the insular capital of the Sogdi, and leave a desert between him and his inexorable foe. With his family, and all that was yet noble in Mewar, his chiefs and vassals, a firm and intrepid band, who preferred exile to degradation, he descended the Aravali, and had reached the confines of the desert, when an incident occurred which made him change his measures, and still remain a dweller in the land of his forefathers. If the historic annals of Mewar record acts of unexampled severity, they are not without instances of unparalleled devotion. The minister of Pratap, whose ancestors had for ages held the office, placed at his prince's disposal their accumulated wealth, which, with other resources, is stated to have been equivalent to the maintenance of twenty-five thousand men for twelve years. The name of Bhama Sah is preserved as the saviour of Mewar. With this splendid proof of gratitude, and the *sirvente* of Prithwi Raj as incitements, he again " screwed his courage to the sticking-place," collected his bands, and while his foes imagined that he was endeavouring to effect a retreat through the desert, surprised Shabaz in his camp at Deweir and cut his troops to pieces. The



fugitives were pursued to Amait, the garrison of which shared the same fate. Ere they could recover from their consternation, Komulmeer was assaulted and taken; Abdoola and his garrison were put to the sword, and thirty-two fortified posts in like manner carried by surprise, the troops being put to death without mercy. To use the words of the annals : " Pratap made a desert of Mewar; he made an offering to the sword of whatever dwelt in its plains "—an appalling but indispensable sacrifice. In one short campaign (A.D. 1530), he had recovered all Mewar except Cheetore, Ajmeer, and Mandalgurh; and determining to have a slight ovation in return for the triumph Raja Maun had enjoyed (who had fulfilled to the letter his threat, that Pratap should " live in peril "), he invaded Ambar, and sacked its chief mart of commerce, Malpura.

Oodipur was also regained; though this acquisition was so unimportant as scarcely to merit remark. In all likelihood it was abandoned from the difficulty of defending it, when all around had submitted to Pratap; though the annals ascribe it to a generous sentiment of Akbar, prompted by Abul Fazal whose mind appears to have been captivated by the actions of the Rajput prince.

Pratap was indebted to a combination of causes for the repose he enjoyed during the latter years of his life; and though this may be ascribed principally to the new fields of ambition which occupied the Mogul arms, we are authorised also to admit the full weight of the influence that the conduct of the Hindu prince exerted upon Akbar, together with the general sympathy of his fellow princes, who swelled the train



of the conqueror, and who were too powerful to be regarded with indifference.

Repose was, however, no boon to the noblest of his race. A mind like Pratap's could enjoy no tranquillity, while from the summit of the pass which guarded Oodipur, his eye embraced the Kangras of Cheetore, to which he must ever be a stranger. Imagine the warrior, yet in manhood's prime, broken with fatigue and covered with scars, casting a wistful eye to the rock stained with the blood of his fathers; whilst in his mind the scenes of glory enacted there appeared with unearthly lustre. Imagine him turning to the contemplation of his own desolate condition, indebted for a cessation of persecution to the most revolting sentiment that can assail an heroic mind—compassion; compared with which scorn is endurable, contempt even enviable : these he could retaliate; but for the high-minded, the generous Rajpoot, to be the object of that sickly sentiment, pity, was more oppressive than the arms of his foe.

A premature decay assailed the pride of Rajasthan; a mind diseased preyed on an exhausted frame, and prostrated him in the very summer of his days. The last moments of Pratap were an appropriate commentary on his life, which he terminated, swearing his successor to eternal conflict against the foes of his country's independence. His end was clouded with the presentiment that his son Umra would abandon his fame for inglorious repose. A powerful sympathy is excited by the picture which is drawn of this final scene. The dying hero is represented in a lowly dwelling, his chiefs, the faithful



companions of many a glorious day, awaiting round his pallet the dissolution of their prince, when a groan of mental anguish made Salombra inquire, "what afflicted his soul that it would not depart in peace" "It lingered," he said, "for some consolatory pledge that his country should not be abandoned to the Toork"; and with the death-pang upon him, he related an incident which had guided his estimate of his son's disposition, and now tortured him with the reflection, that for personal ease he would forego the remembrance of his own and his country's wrongs.

On the banks of the Peshola, Pratap and his chiefs had constructed a few huts (the site of the future palace of Oodipur), to protect them during the inclemency of the rains in the day of their distress. Prince Umra, forgetting the lowness of the dwelling, a projecting bamboo of the roof caught the folds of his turban and dragged it off as he retired. At this, the prince showed signs of annoyance which was observed with pain by Pratap, who thence adopted the opinion that his son would never withstand the hardship necessary to be endured in such a cause. "These sheds," said the dying prince, "will give way to sumptuous dwellings, thus generating the love of ease; and luxury with its concomitants will ensue, to which the independence of Mewar, which we have bled to maintain, will be sacrificed: and you, my chiefs, will follow the pernicious example." They pledged themselves, and became guarantees for the prince, "by the throne of Bappa Rawul," that they would not permit mansions to be raised till Mewar had recovered her independence. The soul of Pratap was satisfied, and with joy he expired.



It is worthy the attention of those who influence the destinies of states in more favoured climes, to estimate the intensity of feeling which could arm this prince to oppose the resources of a small principality against the then most powerful empire of the world, whose armies were more numerous and far more efficient than any ever led by the Persian against the liberties of Greece. Had Mewar possessed her Thucydides or her Xenophon, neither the wars of the Peloponnesus nor the retreat of the 'ten thousand' would have yielded more diversified incidents for the historic muse, than the deeds of this brilliant reign amid the many vicissitudes of Mewar. Undaunted heroism, inflexible fortitude, that which "keeps honour bright," perseverance,—with fidelity such as no nation can boast, were the materials opposed to a soaring ambition, commanding talents, unlimited means, and the fervour of religious zeal; all, however, insufficient to contend with one unconquerable mind. There is not a pass in the Alpine Aravali that is not sanctified by some deed of Pratap,—some brilliant victory, or oftener, more glorious defeat. Huldighat is the Thermopylæ of Mewar; the field of Deweir her Marathon.

*Adapted from Tod's Rajasthan.*



## THE PASS OF THERMOPYLÆ

There was trembling in Greece. "The Great King," as the Greeks called the chief potentate of the East, whose domains stretched from the Indian Caucasus to the Ægæus, from the Caspian to the Red Sea, was marshalling his forces against the little free states that nestled amid the rocks and gulfs of the Eastern Mediterranean. Already had his might devoured the cherished colonies of the Greeks on the eastern shore of the Archipelago, and every traitor to home institutions found a ready asylum at that despotic court, and tried to revenge his own wrongs by whispering incitements to invasion. "All people, nations, and languages," was the commencement of the decrees of that monarch's court : and it was scarcely a vain boast, for his satraps ruled over subject kingdoms, and among his tributary nations he counted the Chaldean, with his learning and old civilization, the wise and steadfast Jew, the skilful Phœnician, the learned Egyptian, the wild freebooting Arab of the desert, the dark-skinned Ethiopian, and over all these ruled the keen-witted, active native Persian race, the conquerors of all the rest, and led by a chosen band proudly called the Immortal. His many capitals—Babylon the great, Susa, Persepolis, and the like—were names of dreamy splendour to the Greeks, described now and then by Ionians from Asia Minor who had carried their tribute to the king's own feet, or by courtier slaves who had escaped with difficulty from being all too serviceable at the tyrannic court. And



the lord of this enormous empire was about to launch his countless host against the little cluster of states, the whole of which together would hardly equal one province of the huge Asiatic realm! Moreover, it was a war not only on the men but on their gods. The Persians were zealous adorers of the sun and of fire, they abhorred the idol-worship of the Greeks, and defiled and plundered every temple that fell in their way. Death and desolation were almost the best that could be looked for at such hands—slavery and torture from cruelly barbarous masters would only too surely be the lot of numbers, should their land fall a prey to the conquerors.

True it was that ten years back the former Great King had sent his best troops to be signally defeated upon the coast of Attica; but the losses at Marathon had but stimulated the Persian lust of conquest, and the new King Xerxes was gathering together such myriads of men as should crush down the Greeks and overrun their country by mere force of numbers.

The muster place was at Sardis, and their Greek spies had seen the multitudes assembling and the state and magnificence of the king's attendants. Envoys had come from him to demand earth and water from each state in Greece, as emblems that land and sea were his, but each state was resolved to be free, and only Thessaly, that which lay first in his path, consented to yield the token of subjugation. A council was held at the Isthmus of Corinth, and attended by deputies from all the states of Greece to consider the best means of defence. The ships of the enemy would coast round the shores of the Ægean Sea, the land army would cross the Hellespont on a bridge of boats



lashed together, and march southwards into Greece. The only hope of averting the danger lay in defending such passages as, from the nature of the ground, were so narrow that only a few persons could fight hand to hand at once, so that courage would be of more avail than numbers.

The first of these passes was called Tempe, and a body of troops was sent to guard it; but they found that this was useless and impossible, and came back again. The next was at Thermopylæ. Look in your map of the Archipelago, or Ægean Sea, as it was then called, for the great island of Negropont, or by its old name, Eubœa. It looks like a piece broken off from the coast, and to the north is shaped like the head of a bird, with the beak running into a gulf, that would fit over it, upon the main land, and between the island and the coast is an exceedingly narrow strait. The Persian army would have to march round the edge of the gulf. They could not cut straight across the country, because the ridge of mountains called Cæta rose up and barred their way. Indeed, the woods, rocks, and precipices came down so near the sea-shore, that in two places there was only room for one single wheel track between the steeps and the impassable morass that formed the border of the gulf on its south side. These two very narrow places were called the gates of the pass, and were about a mile apart. There was a little more width left in the intervening space; but in this there were a number of springs of warm mineral water, salt and sulphurous, which were used for the sick to bathe in, and thus the place was called Thermopylæ, or the Hot Gates. A wall had once been built across the westernmost of these narrow places,



when the Thessalians and Phocians, who lived on either side of it, had been at war with one another; but it had been allowed to go to decay, since the Phocians had found out that there was a very steep narrow mountain path along the bed of a torrent by which it was possible to cross from one territory to the other without going round this marshy coast road.

This was, therefore, an excellent place to defend. The Greek ships were all drawn up on the further side of Eubœa to prevent the Persian vessels from getting into the strait and landing men beyond the pass, and a division of the army was sent off to guard the Hot Gates. The council at the Isthmus did not know of the mountain pathway, and thought that all would be safe as long as the Persians were kept out of the coast path.

The troops sent for this purpose were from different cities, and amounted to about 4,000, who were to keep the pass against two millions. The leader of them was Leonidas, who had newly become one of the two kings of Sparta, the city that above all in Greece trained its sons to be hardy soldiers, dreading death infinitely less than shame. Leonidas had already made up his mind that the expedition would probably be his death, perhaps because a prophecy had been given at the Temple at Delphi that Sparta should be saved by the death of one of her kings of the race of Hercules. He was allowed by law to take with him 300 men, and these he chose most carefully, not merely for their strength and courage, but selecting those who had sons, so that no family might be altogether destroyed. These Spartans, with their helots or slaves, made up his own share of the numbers, but all the army was



under his generalship. It is even said that the 300 celebrated their own funeral rites before they set out, lest they should be deprived of them by the enemy, since it was the Greek belief that the spirits of the dead found no rest till their obsequies had been performed. Such preparations did not daunt the spirits of Leonidas and his men, and his wife, Gorgo, was not a woman to be faint-hearted or hold him back. Long before, when she was a very little girl, a word of hers had saved her father from listening to a traitorous message from the King of Persia; and every Spartan lady was bred up to be able to say to those she best loved that they must come home from battle "with the shield or on it"—either carrying it victoriously or borne upon it as a corpse.

When Leonidas came to Thermopylæ, the Phocians told him of the mountain path through the chestnut woods of Mount Œta, and begged to have the privilege of guarding it on a spot high up on the mountain side, assuring him that it was very hard to find at the other end, and that there was every probability that the enemy would never discover it. He consented, and encamping around the warm springs, caused the broken wall to be repaired, and made ready to meet the foe.

The Persian army were seen covering the whole country like locusts, and the hearts of some of the southern Greeks in the pass began to sink. Their homes in the Peloponnesus were comparatively secure—had they not better fall back and reserve themselves to defend the Isthmus of Corinth? But Leonidas, though Sparta was safe below the Isthmus, had no intention of abandoning his northern allies, and kept





the other Peloponnesians to their posts, only sending messengers for further help.

Presently a Persian on horseback rode up to reconnoitre the pass. He could not see over the wall, but in front of it and on the ramparts, he saw the Spartans, some of them engaged in active sports, and others in combing their long hair. He rode back to the king, and told him what he had seen. Now, Xerxes had in his camp an exiled Spartan Prince, named Demaratus, who had become a traitor to his country, and was serving as counsellor to the enemy. Xerxes sent for him, and asked whether his countrymen were mad to be thus employed instead of fleeing away; but Demaratus made answer that a hard fight was no doubt in preparation, and that it was the custom of the Spartans to array their hair with especial care when they were about to enter upon any great peril. Xerxes would, however, not believe that so petty a force could intend to resist him, and waited four days, probably expecting his fleet to assist him, but as it did not appear, the attack was made.

The Greeks, stronger men and more heavily armed, were far better able to fight to advantage than the Persians with their short spears and wicker shields, and beat them off with great ease. It is said that Xerxes three times leapt off his throne in despair at the sight of his troops being driven backwards; and thus for two days it seemed as easy to force a way through the Spartans as through the rocks themselves. Nay, how could slavish troops, dragged from home to spread the victories of an ambitious king, fight like freemen who felt that their strokes were to defend their homes and children?



But on that evening a wretched man, named Ephialtes, crept into the Persian camp, and offered, for a great sum of money, to show the mountain path that would enable the enemy to take the brave defenders in the rear! A Persian general, named Hydarnes, was sent off at nightfall with a detachment to secure this passage, and was guided through the thick forests that clothed the hill-side. In the stillness of the air, at daybreak, the Phocian guards of the path were startled by the crackling of the chestnut leaves under the tread of many feet. They started up, but a shower of arrows was discharged on them, and forgetting all save the present alarm, they fled to a higher part of the mountain, and the enemy without waiting to pursue them, began to descend.

As day dawned, morning light showed the watchers of the Grecian camp below a glittering and shimmering in the torrent bed where the shaggy forests opened; but it was not the sparkle of water, but the shine of gilded helmets and the gleaming of silvered spears! Moreover, a Cimmerian crept over the wall from the Persian camp with tidings that the path had been betrayed, that the enemy were climbing it, and would come down beyond the Eastern Gate. Still, the way was rugged and circuitous, the Persians would hardly descend before midday, and there was ample time for the Greeks to escape before they could thus be shut in by the enemy.

There was a short council held over the morning sacrifice. Megistias, the seer, on inspecting the entrails of the slain victim, declared, as well he might, that their appearance boded disaster. Him Leonidas ordered to retire, but he refused, though he sent home



his only son. There was no disgrace to an ordinary tone of mind in leaving a post that could not be held, and Leonidas recommended all the allied troops under his command to march away while yet the way was open. As for himself and his Spartans, they had made up their minds to die at their post, and there could be no doubt that the example of such a resolution would do more to save Greece than their best efforts could ever do if they were careful to reserve themselves for another occasion.

All the allies consented to retreat, except the eighty men who came from Mycæne and the 700 Thespians, who declared that they would not desert Leonidas. There were also 400 Thebans who remained; and thus the whole number that stayed with Leonidas to confront two million of enemies were fourteen hundred warriors, besides the helots or attendants on the 300 Spartans, whose number is not known, but there was probably at least one to each. Leonidas had two kinsmen in the camp, like himself, claiming the blood of Hercules, and he tried to save them by giving them letters and messages to Sparta; but one answered that "he had come to fight not to carry letters"; and the other, that "his deeds would tell all that Sparta wished to know." Another Spartan, named Dienices, when told that the enemy's archers were so numerous that their arrows darkened the sun, replied, "So much the better, we shall fight in the shade." Two of the 300 had been sent to a neighbouring village, suffering severely from a complaint in the eyes. One of them called Eurytus, put on his armour, and commanded his helot to lead him to his place in the ranks; the other, called Aristodemus,



was so overpowered with illness that he allowed himself to be carried away with the retreating allies. It was still early in the day when all were gone, and Leonidas gave the word to his men to take their last meal. "To-night," he said, "we shall sup with Pluto."

Hitherto, he had stood on the defensive, and had husbanded the lives of men; but he now desired to make as great a slaughter as possible, so as to inspire the enemy with dread of the Grecian name. He therefore marched out beyond the wall, without waiting to be attacked, and the battle began. The Persian captains went behind their wretched troops and scourged them on to the fight with whips. Poor wretches, they were driven on to be slaughtered, pierced with the Greek spears, hurled into the sea, or trampled into the mud of the morass; but their inexhaustible numbers told at length. The spears of the Greeks broke under hard service, and their swords alone remained; they began to fall, and Leonidas himself was among the first of the slain. Hotter than ever was the fight over his corpse, and two Persian princes, brothers of Xerxes, were there killed; but at length word was brought that Hydarnes was over the pass, and that the few remaining men were thus enclosed on all sides. The Spartans and Thespians made their way to a little hillock within the wall, resolved to let this be the place of their last stand; but the hearts of the Thebans failed them, and they came towards the Persians holding out their hands in entreaty for mercy. Quarter was given to them, but they were all branded with the king's mark as untrustworthy deserters. The helots probably at this time escaped into the mountains; while the





small desperate band stood side by side on the hill still fighting to the last, some with swords, others with daggers, others even with their hands and teeth, till not one living man remained amongst them when the sun went down. There was only a mound of slain, bristled over with arrows.

Twenty thousand Persians had died before that handful of men ! Xerxes asked Demaratus if there were many more at Sparta like these, and was told there were 8,000. It must have been with a somewhat failing heart that he invited his courtiers from the fleet to see what he had done to the men who dared to oppose him, and showed them the head and arm of Leonidas set up upon a cross; but he took care that all his own slain, except 1,000, should first be put out of sight. The body of the brave king was buried where he fell, as were those of the other dead. Much envied were they by the unhappy Aristodemus, who found himself called by no name but the " Coward," and shunned by all his fellow-citizens. No one would give him fire or water, and after a year of misery, he redeemed his honour by perishing in the fore-front of the battle of Plateæa, which was the last blow that drove the Persians ingloriously from Greece.

The Greeks then united in doing honour to the brave warriors who, had they been better supported, might have saved the whole country from invasion. The poet Simonides wrote the inscriptions that were engraved upon the pillars that were set up in the pass to commemorate this great action. One was outside the wall, where most of the fighting had been. It



seems to have been in honour of the whole number who had for two days resisted—

"Here did four thousand men from Pelops' land  
Against three hundred myriads bravely stand."

In honour of the Spartans was another column—

"Go, traveller, to Sparta tell  
That here, obeying her, we fell."

On the little hillock of the last resistance was placed the figure of a stone lion, in memory of Leonidas, so fitly named the lion-like, and Simonides, at his own expense, erected a pillar to his friend, the seer Megistias—

"The great Megistias' tomb you here may view,  
Who slew the Medes, fresh from Spercheius fords;  
Well the wise seer the coming death foreknew,  
Yet scorn'd he to forsake his Spartan lords."

The names of the 300 were likewise engraven on a pillar at Sparta.

Lion, pillars, and inscriptions have all long since passed away, even the very spot itself has changed; new soil has been formed, and there are miles of solid ground between Mount Œta and the gulf, so that the Hot Gates no longer exist. But more enduring than stone or brass—nay, than the very battle-field itself—has been the name of Leonidas. Two thousand three hundred years have sped since he braced himself to perish for his country's sake in that narrow, marshy





## THE PASS OF THERMOPYLÆ

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coast road, under the brow of the wooded crags, with the sea by his side. Since that time how many hearts have glowed, how many arms have been nerved at the remembrance of the Pass of Thermopylæ, and the defeat that was worth so much more than a victory!

*Yonge.*



## PADMINI THE BEAUTIFUL \*

Ala-u-din ruled in Delhi, the imperial throne having become his by the treacherous murder of his own uncle, Jelal-u-din. Ala-u-din was of the Khilijis, a Tartar tribe from the far Jaxartes.

Authors of every kind of mischief and devastation, said the famous Baber of them, because each one of them waded through blood to the mighty seat of the 'Great Moghul.'

Ala-u-din loved beauty madly, insanely. See the lovely Alai Darwasa that rose at his command; but to build it he stole from a Raja great piles of diamonds, pearls, emeralds, rubies and other precious stones—and left him and his people bankrupt and starving.

'The second Alexander,' Ala-u-din arrogantly called himself. He would undertake a universal conquest! He dreamed too of a prophet's honour; he would be the founder of a new religion, he, the illiterate parricide, whose later cynic maxim was ;—  
 "Religion has no connection with civil government, but is only the business, or rather amusement, of private life."

To advice and counsel he retorted haughtily,  
 "The will of a wise prince is better than the opinions of variable bodies of men."

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\* From Josephine Ransom's *Indian Tales of Love and Beauty*, by kind permission of the Theosophist Office, Madras.



Twenty-one years later Ala-u-din's unholy life closed. Kafir, his eunuch slave, poisoned his mind against everyone till he had full sway over his master, then with poison he hastened the soured, suspicious Emperor to his grave. One good thing marked his reign—his conquests were well governed despite his caprice and absurd demands.

Such was the man, typical of all his kind, who revelled in luxury and sensuality, whose beauty-greed brought bitter sorrow in its train—as many a high-born Hindu knew.

About 1303, Ala-u-din hovered around the Rajput states, seeking to add to his conquests, when he heard of the matchless beauty of Padmini, wife of Bhim Singh, regent of Mewar. Supremely fair was Padmini, fairer than any other woman on earth—so ran the rumour.

Ala-u-din was very eager to gain her. He sent spies into Chittoor, bad women who wormed their way to Padmini and whispered evil in her ears. Offended and amazed Padmini turned them out; thus was Ala-u-din challenged, and Rajput honour aroused.

The chief glory of the Rajputs was their honour; they fought to the death 'for honour's sake.' To read aright the thrilling pages of Rajput history, it is well to remember that 'honour' moulded Rajput men and women in a mould so stern that they endured marvellous ordeals unflinchingly. Men went to the battle-field and women to the flaming pyre with but one cry—'for honour's sake.'

Young Lakumsi sat upon the throne of old Chittoor—the chosen home of the goddess Amba Bhavani. High up on the rocks soared the proud city of 'tragic



fate,' capital of Mewar and veritable treasury of India's precious arts and crafts. In her stately palaces none but sun-descended lords might rule. Proudest of all proud kings was he of Mewar, heir of the great Ramachandra of old. He was 'regent of Mahadeva,' who alone might wear the strange necklace of braided hair and lotus seeds; 'Sun of the Hindus,' who never yet has bent to alien rule, nor recognised defeat as final. King among men had he to be to rule the fiery Rajputs, they who swore 'by the Throne,' 'by this weapon,'—the keen dagger ever ready to hasty hands, and 'by this sword and shield,' and who poured out blood like water where honour led.

As Lakumsi was but a child, Bhimsi, his uncle, ruled in his name. Great in war was Bhimsi, in council sure and utterly loyal to the throne he served; to him Padmini was tenderest wife and wisest counsellor.

Padmini came from Ceylon, that jewel isle of the eastern seas. Chittoor marvelled at her loveliness and her utter goodness. Her praises sounded upon the lips of all, and at last were poured into the eager ears of the Moghul\*tyrant, who was jealous that another than himself should be the husband of the most beautiful of women. He would go and take her by force; so with his vast army he marched on Chittoor and besieged it. For many weary months the troops chafed round the rocks of the impregnable and defiant city—for her hour had not yet struck!

There were bitter attacks by night and hot skirmishes by day, but the repulse was so certain, so deadly, that Ala-u-din grew despondent. He was wasting his time and his army for nothing . . . . Why had he been foolish enough to swear that he



would gain Padmini, or die ? He wondered if she were really worth it all ! . . . And the life and and luxury of Delhi called. The severe camp-life amid the rocky desert bored him, even though he devised a thousand ways to beguile the weary hours. After all, in the old capital there were many charming women ready and proud to be an Emperor's favourite !

Then came a surprise. Bhimsi offered gold, much gold, for peace. . . . His straitened position left him no choice. Peace or death it should be, but not this horrid starvation of his people, sapping their strength, their power to defend. . . . Ala-u-din cursed such offers—Padmini he wanted, Padmini he would have.

So ~~commenced~~ again the weary struggle, the thinning ranks in Chittoor and her people bravely starving, but they fought just as fiercely and repulsed Ala-u-din so often that at last he was heartily sick of it all.

Then some one clever and crafty suggested he should win by deceit what he could not gain in open warfare. Up to Chittoor went a messenger.

“ To Regent Bhimsi I offer peace ; and my only condition is that I may look upon the face of Padmini—loveliest woman in the world.”

A hot answer rose to Bhimsi's lips. Such an insult ! He would race down the steep hillside and strike down the insolent Emperor. Strong arms restrained him and cooler heads counselled softer, saner measures. The messenger carried back the curt answer :—“ To-morrow come alone and weaponless, and thou shalt have thy desire.”



Such was the faith in Rajput word and Rajput honour, that Ala-u-din knew he would be perfectly safe amid the stern foes in Chittoor. But he himself cherished a treacherous plan.

One fair April day in the delicious spring weather of north India, Ala-ud-din, robed in costliest array, set out alone upon his strange adventure. His soldiers, marvelling, watched him pass through the camp, serene and haughty in his pride of place and power.

It amused the Emperor to find himself alone, on his way to gaze at beauty through a mirror ! He felt though that his royal pride and power were mocked, he whose vast armies must in the end crush this little kingdom did he but persist. What if after all Padmini were not so lovely ? Well, Mewar would know what an Emperor's hate and wounded pride could be ! And if Padmini were utterly fair and desirable ? He had a plan.

Up at the gates the sentries saluted him gravely, and the Regent met him courteously. Not a single face was other than impassive or curious.

Ala-u-din passed through the quiet city to the great Durbar Hall, so lavishly splendid. There he saw Padmini—but only in a mirror ! Nor was it Padmini's direct reflection he saw, but only Padmini's reflection twelve times reflected. But Ala-u-din gazed into the mirror and knew that men had spoken truly—Padmini was glorious. She was beautiful ! an *hour*i out of Paradise. He would have her, cost what it would.

The Rajputs raged inwardly ; only their given word and the promise of peace for Chittoor held them silent and impassive. How large a satisfaction it



would be to strike down this dark swarthy man, twirling his black moustaches and casting insolent glances upon the image of their loved and revered Queen.

Poor Padmini ! she bore the ordeal with queenly grace and dignity. But her heart was sore. She consoled herself that it was for her people and so endured to the end. She felt as though she would ever afterwards feel the strain of that insulting gaze.

It was over ! Ala-u-din longed to stay and feast his eyes upon such beauty. He turned to go and a great sigh of relief broke from the assembled Rajputs. ....In the *Zenana* Padmini wept, sore ashamed, and longed for Bhimsi's return that she might throw herself at his feet and beg forgiveness for the stain that was upon her.

Meanwhile Bhimsi accompanied Ala-u-din, who praised the courage of the Rajputs, and even declared that henceforth Musalman and Rajput should be sworn friends. On they walked down nearer and nearer to the Emperor's camp, and though Bhimsi grew uneasy yet he could not show distrust, for had not his foe trusted utterly in his own given word.

Then Ala-u-din openly praised Padmini : " Rani Padmini is indeed lovelier than all other women. Thou art surely fortunate in possessing this pearl among women. How may I thank thee for the pleasure thou hast given me, or praise enough the beauty of thy Queen."

Bhimsi could have crushed the hateful words in the Emperor's throat, but honour held him silent, helpless... They had reached the foot of the hill and were almost in the Muslim camp. A sudden sly smile



upon the Emperor's face, a swift signal, and ambushed men sprang upon Bhimsi and held him fast—a prisoner ! Trapped and bound, Bhimsi merely looked his unutterable scorn and contempt at the Emperor, who writhed beneath his gaze.

“ Bah ! ” he mocked uneasily, “ thy pride shall be humbled. Didst think an Emperor might thus be baulked ? My request was but a ruse to see if Padmini were really worthy of being my Queen. And such she shall be. I, Ala-u-din, swear it. I shall possess Padmini—or destroy Chittoor.”

Then he turned to the soldiers : “ Guard well this man; if he escapes ye will be flayed alive ! ” Bhimsi was marched away and put under strong guard.

Up in Chittoor utter consternation reigned. The Regent captured, a prisoner ! For a while all were bewildered, then a deputation hastened down to the Musalman camp, and demanded what was to be the ransom for Bhimsi.

“ Padmini, the fairest of women,” was the curt answer. “ Deliyer her over at once or Bhimsi will be killed, and the fight shall recommence.”

For one long anguished week Chittoor was in the grip of despair and indecision. Lakumsi was only a boy, and none of Bhimsi's sons were old enough to lead. Padmini bewailed the beauty that had brought such disaster upon them all... But she roused herself, for in Bhimsi's absence the Government was in her hands. Her uncle Gorah Singh took command of the army.

At last Padmini had a plan—a wild risky plan that none but a Rajput would have dared to carry out.





She called together all her generals, nobles and leaders to the Durbar Hall and put before them her scheme. Instantly they were eager to carry it out.

A messenger of peace went down to the Emperor :  
“ O great Emperor ! Padmini will come, if thou wilt send the Regent safely to the city. Would the all-powerful King grant that the Rani be accompanied by her large retinue of faithful maids who cannot bear to leave her ? ”

Ala-u-din was wild with delight over the success of his scheming.

“ Let Padmini come as she will,” he cried, “ in any state that she thinks will befit the future Empress...Only, hurry, hurry back and bid her not delay ! ”

Then Gorah came to make arrangements for the reception of the Rani.

“ Might the Rani have also a small number of armed men with her to protect her women ? ” he craftily suggested to Ala-u-din.

“ No, no,” laughed the Emperor, “ that we cannot have ! We do not want any appearance of battle to mar such a joyous event. We give you our royal word that no one will molest the Rani’s attendants, nor disturb their privacy. I will issue a command, and none will dare to disobey.”

Gorah hastened back. All was ready for Padmini to pass down to the royal camp, where every one was *en fête*, for Ala-u-din had given orders that this was to be a day of feasting and rejoicing and all arms were to be laid down. The soldiers obeyed readily.

The Emperor called his attendants and made them robe him in costliest apparel. Then he watched impatiently for the appearance of his promised bride.



In Chittoor preparations went on swiftly, but in sad silence. Padmini, closely veiled, entered the royal *dooly* and drew close its rich curtains. Ala-u-din snapped his fingers with glee when he saw her *dooly* swing through the big gates of the fort. It was followed by seven hundred others, each one borne on the shoulders of six stalwart bearers. They threaded their way down the steep hillside, through the carousing camp towards the Emperor's tent, large and gorgeously decorated for the reception of Padmini.

The swaying *doolies* were set down; Gorah went forward to ask for the release of Bhimsi.

"Nay, not so fast," said the Emperor gaily, "when I have married Padmini, thy Prince may go. But see, here is gold for thee, thou hast behaved well—be content!"

Gorah kept his temper, and let the insult pass.

"One favour the Rani asks," he said quietly, but with flashing eyes. "She wishes to say farewell to the Rana, to see him, O Sultan, for the last time—"

Ungraciously the Emperor gave his permission, and he stared after the *dooly* as it swung away to the tent where Bhimsi was kept prisoner. All the other *doolies* swung after it and were put down around the tent, and the curious Musalman soldiers had to move back to make room for them.

Two fine horses stood ready near the door of the tent, with seeming Moslems in charge of them; when she saw them Padmini uttered a sigh of great relief. She entered the tent.

At sight of her Bhimsi rose aghast.

"You here?" he gasped.





"Hush," warned Padmini in a quick whisper.  
"Quick, arm yourself. The horses are ready outside.  
Come, come at once!"

But somehow the Emperor had become suspicious; he cursed himself for having granted a last farewell—he burst into the tent. Badul, Gorah's nephew and but a lad, sprang at him. He leapt back shouting wildly—"Treachery! treachery!" Before the amazed guards could move, Padmini and Bhimsi flashed out of the tent, sprang on the waiting horses, and fled before any one could grasp what had happened.

The guards rushed in and prevented any hurt to the Emperor. As though at a signal, from out every one of those seven hundred *doolies* sprang an armed Rajput, and every bearer proved to be a soldier in disguise. Then followed horrid confusion, the Rajputs fighting fiercely and the Moslems dazed with the suddenness of it all. But they snatched up their weapons and fell savagely upon the band of Rajputs. Gorah fell where the fight raged thickest, and the lad Badul at once became the leader. The maddened Ala-u-din goaded on his hordes to slay every one of the Rajputs—who slowly pressed towards the foot of the hill. When at last they gained the fort they were but a wounded desperate handful of all the five thousand who had gone down with their Rani. With unconscious irony this is called the 'half-sack' of Chittoor—because some returned.

Ala-u-din was so angry and disgusted at the escape of Padmini that he raised the siege and marched away to Delhi. Not that his determination to gain Padmini had lessened—Oh no!—he would come again and wreak full vengeance.



Badul went to his uncle's wife and told her of Gorah's last hours. And, though she had heard it all, she begged him to tell again the story of Gorah's prowess ere he fell.

"And what did my lord?" she asked the boy.

"Reaper of the harvest of battle was he," answered Badul proudly. "Behind him I followed, the humble gleaner of his sword. A blood-red bed of honour of slain foes for himself he spread. With a barbarian prince for his pillow he fell asleep—and he sleeps well amidst his foes."

"But tell me again, my child," she urged.

"Ah, how shall I further tell thee of his deeds, since he left no foe alive to fear or fly his mighty arm!"

Then Gorah's wife smiled and said: "My lord will wonder at my delay"—and she went to the flames, exultant.

And Padmini and Bhimsi? Again and again the great-hearted Regent strove to comfort the sweet shame-stricken queen. For him she was ever purest of women, and that hated gaze mattered nothing. It was over now, the foe repulsed, perhaps never to return. Ah yes, he too bewailed the fearful loss of so many brave warriors, but was not honour more than all else?

Then happy years passed; Chittoor saw other happenings, and Ala-u-din was forgotten—almost. Lakumsi had died, and Bhimsi was now Rana of Mewar. The passing years had added to the unfading beauty of Padmini, greater dignity, fuller sweetness. She rejoiced openly in her twelve brave sons. They





were so strong, so brave, each one seemed a hero born.

But Ala-u-din had not forgotten. Suddenly his swarming hosts were settling thick and menacing round Chittoor. Give up Padmini ? No ! no ! He would wreck the Empire if needs be, but the Rani would be his.

Bhimsi groaned; his ranks had been so sorely depleted in the former struggle, and Chittoor was unprepared to meet so vast an army. But every Rajput warrior pledged his word that not even one of their kith or kin should fall into the hated Muslim hands.

It was no passive siege this time, but sharp attacks upon the city by day and by night, ceaselessly. The strength and endurance of Chittoor were tested to the uttermost. At last the southern point of the city fell into the enemy's hands, and the Rajputs knew that the end drew near. All through that sore time Padmini was a source of strength and inspiration to all. She urged when others dissuaded ; she cheered when depression hung heavily ; she tended the pain and anguish of the wounded and dying, it was she who kept the city from despair by loving, tender counsel.

Nevertheless secret fears assailed Padmini too. That she would never be captured by the Emperor, she knew full well ; but what about her twelve brave sons ? What would be their fate when at last the city fell as fall it must ? Would old Mewar's royal line perish miserably ? And then she prayed to Devi Amba Bhavani to grant once more the protection she seemed to have withdrawn. Ill-fated prayer ! Who was to dream of the answer the goddess would give ?



The Rana weary and worn flung himself down one evening upon a couch in the Durbar Hall. He gave rein to his despondency, for he was alone. A turmoil of unhappy thoughts surged through his brain.

Chittoor was doomed, doomed; nothing could save her. Perhaps he could save his precious sons, but even of that there seemed little hope—the enemy's circle was so wide all about them. Only a faint light lessened the gloom of the vast hall . . . midnight was striking. All was hushed save the faint far yelp of a dog, and the subdued sword-clanks of the faithful guardians of the door.

A sudden deep voice rang through the hall : “ I am hungry ! ”

The Rana started up amazed. Again the strange unearthly voice wailed : “ I am hungry ! ”

Then before him in the pillared distance the astounded Rana saw a towering majestic form—the form of Amba Bhavani, goddess of Chittoor.

The surprise of the Rana subsided and reverently he asked, “ Art thou not satisfied, O Devi ? Eight thousand of my kinsmen have been offered to thee.”

“ Nay, not satisfied,” replied the deep echoing voice, “ not satisfied. I want royal heroes. Twelve of the ruling house must die for Chittoor—else must I pass from thee and thine, and with me the power and prestige of Mewar.”

Then the Goddess vanished. The Rana sorrowed; he knew not how to satisfy the Devi. Morning came; Bhimsi sought out Padmini and told her of the night's august visitor. A sense of disaster settled upon Padmini, but she gave no sign of her dread.



"Call at once," she urged, "a council of thy chiefs. Put the matter before them." The Rana did so. The stern warriors, remnant only of a once invincible band, heard in tense silence the story of the night. They smiled at their ruler's fears.

"Nay, nay, sire," they cried, "'twas but a dream, born of thy weariness and anxiety."

"Come with me this night and see for yourselves," the Rana answered grimly.

That night he, his sons and his chiefs, sat silent and expectant in the big Hall. All was still. . . . Midnight rang out. . . . Ere the last note had died away a dull red glow appeared at the far end of the Hall. Larger it grew and larger, and at last in the heart of it the Devi appeared, awesome, in her hand a naked sword. Her voice boomed through the silence—

"I am hungry"—

"What wouldst thou, O Devi?" asked the Rana. "The battle-field runs red with the blood of thy foes, will not that suffice, O Mother?"

"Nay," wailed the goddess, and her voice of doom struck chill fear into the heart of the bravest there. "Strew the earth as thou wilt with slain barbarians, what are they to me?"

"What is then thy will, O Deviji?"

"I must have twelve royal lives with me. Twelve places are empty at my board—fill them, for I am hungry. Thou hast twelve sons (the Rana shivered), give them to me. Crown them one by one, let them reign for three days with supreme authority and on the fourth go out to battle and to death—do this and thy house shall endure." She disappeared, the lurid light vanished.



Out sprang eager Ursi, eldest born : " I shall reign first, as eldest son it is my right," he claimed proudly.

Then arose a clamour. Each son had a claim to press for the honour of being first. At last the Rana silenced them.

" To the eldest son belongs the right to reign first," he said sadly. To Ursi he said : " My son of great strength, I give into thy young hands the rule over our loved land."

They left the hall, the chiefs downcast, the Rana mourning the doom of his sons, and the lads themselves excited, scarce realising the meaning of their fate.

After due ceremonies the golden *gadi* held the boyish form of Ursi and the people gave him sad obeisance. Over his head spread the great red and gold umbrella, insignia of royalty, now symbol of death. Then came Ajeysi's turn, but the Rana could not see the blight fall upon this best beloved of all his sons. For him should be life and future lordship of Mewar. One by one the other lads passed up to the fatal throne, ruled for three days, then donned the saffron robe and went out to battle and to death.

Padmini's eyes grew drier with every son who passed beyond the gates, her heart rent in the anguish of those dreadful ruthless partings. But her marvellous beauty never waned, only she paled, and the pallor but added a new and more ethereal touch to her exquisite beauty. The ring of sunny boyish faces grew smaller and smaller, and she knew not how she would endure the agony to the end. But she showed no fear, no sorrow, she cheered each loved son





to his first—and last—battle.....Only Ajeysi and the Rana were left.

“ 'Tis my turn now,” said the Rana. “ I give thee, Ajeysi, to the State. Gird thee on thy weapons, take a handful of the bravest and fly, fly to Kailwarra, there grow in peace, and afterwards come again and rule in Chittoor. May the Goddess fulfil in thee her promise to the line of Mewar ! ” The Rana’s deep voice broke, he passed his hand tenderly over the loved young head. “ Thou wilt go safely my son ; I will join thy brothers—they await me.....Chittoor, to thee my life I give, and, O Devi-Mata, be thou appeased. . . . I and my sons will feast with thee. . . . Give peace to the house of Mewar ! ”

“ Father,” implored the boy, “ grant that I go in thy place; reign thou upon the throne, and I will die for thee ! ” In the lad’s heart struggled love for his father and shame that he of all his brothers had not shared the honour of the battle-field.

“ Nay, child,” rebuked his father gently, “ have I not spoken, ’tis for thee to obey. Thou must remain, we are doomed. And after thee, I charge thee, put Hamir, son of thy eldest brother, upon the throne.”

The last dreadful day dawned. Bhimsi and Ajeysi stood for the last time together. They watched a strange and impelling sight of mothers, wives, sisters, daughters—nearest and dearest to them and their wild-eyed warriors, saffron-robed. Day was just breaking—the first flush of dawn was turning the city’s twilight pallor to glowing pink. It flooded with rosy tenderness the severe white robes of those in the long procession coming into view. The music that heralded it—why, it told of a bride on her joyous way to her husband’s



home!.....Steadily the women and girls and little ones passed. Here and there a sudden uncontrollable sob among the watchers told of a heart nigh breaking—of an agony almost unendurable.....On and on they went towards the immense vault that stretched dark and gloomy beneath the palace, and built in anticipation of just such appalling *Johur* rites. Down there in the gloom mighty pyres were ready. Death, grim bridegroom, awaited there his many brides.....The wide dark mouth of the cavern stood gaping—the ponderous doors rolled open. . . . Slowly, slowly the procession advanced, singing as it came. . . . The dread darkness swallowed them one by one.

Last of all came Padmini, surrounded by some of her noblest women. In her hands she carried the great sword, given of old to the founder of Mewar—a boon from the sacred hands of the Devi-Mata herself. At the great gates Padmini turned, and smiled a last farewell to her lord, a last smile of love that irradiated her pale face—promise of the reunion that should come even ere evening fell. Then she too passed, singing, from their sight. The heavy doors clanged to. A great silence fell. Ears strained to catch one last echo of the voices of the fated singers. Then those warriors went swiftly to exact vengeance from the foe.

First Ajeysi was hurried away, and then they marched out full of a deadly desire to slay—and how they fought! Fearful havoc followed every Rajput sword as it cut, irresistible, through the Moslem ranks. . . . But one by one they fell, till not a single saffron-robe was to be seen. And each man as he died tried to catch one last glimpse of the city where his loved ones were dying too.





It was over. Chittoor was his; but that great drifting cloud of smoke puzzled Ala-u-din. Had they set fire to the city? He hoped not. It gave him an odd sense of foreboding. . . Ah! the prize was his at last! Padmini would be his loveliest queen. Up to the city he went, through the deserted streets to the palace. No one challenged his way, no sword sprang out to bar his entrance to the Rani's apartments—no one, no one! He went in uneasily, but no movement could he hear, nor glimpse a single vanishing form. . . Silent and empty every room—outside silence and the shadows of the drifting smoke. . . Ah! the smoke! he understood it now, and he quailed before the awful majesty of such a deed.

He fled. Out of the palace he hurried and along the empty streets—afraid of the silence, afraid of the living spirit of sacrifice that held the place. . . A thin blast of hot air crept from out the cavern doors and swirled after him; a sudden gust of wind brought the acrid smoke choking him. . . He sped, horrified, from the dead sacked city.

It is said that a huge serpent, venomous of breath, guards the ashes of Padmini and her women, and none may enter and disturb that dread silence. Only Hamir faced its terrors and won from uncanny hands the ancient sword that Padmini had carried with her.

*Josephine Ransom.*



## A MUSALMĀNI RULER \*

Towards the middle of the thirteenth century India was in a state of incredible confusion, especially the northern part from Bengal westward right into Persia—and even beyond. Fate decreed that slave Kings should sit upon the imperial throne at Delhi and stain with every cruelty the history of the Motherland. Shahab-ud-din, or Mohammed Ghori, as he was better known, had no sons, so he took great pleasure in bringing up Turki slaves, little foreseeing the parts they were to play in the future. When he died three at least of these slaves were in prominent positions and exercising much influence. Kutb-ud-din in India was paving the way for the dominance of the 'Slave-Kings'; Eldoz was in power at Ghazni; Nasir-ud-din Kabachi had much authority in Multan and Sind.

Kutb when but a babe had been bought by a wealthy person who had him taught Persian and Arabic. When his owner died Kutb was sold to a merchant, who made a present of him to Shahab-ud-din. His life was an adventurous one, as was natural in such unsettled times, but his character was manly, generous and frank. He married the daughter of Eldoz, he gave his sister in marriage to Nasir and his daughter to Altamsh—another promising slave.

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\* From Josephine Ransom's *Indian Tales of Love and Beauty* by kind permission of the Theosophist Office, Madras.



When Kutb died his son Aram succeeded him, but was not capable of directing the lawless spirit of his time; before long he was dethroned by Altamsh who became the Emperor.

There seems to be a certain amount of probability in the story that Altamsh was the son of a great Tartary Chief and that his brothers, like Joseph's, sold him into slavery. After passing several times from one master to another he eventually came to Ghazni where Mohammed Ghorî heard of his beauty and unusual talents and wished to buy him, but his price was too high. He therefore "allowed Kutb-ud-din as a favour to purchase him for fifty thousand pieces of silver." The slave-boy rose steadily in his master's favour, was given his freedom and married one of Kutb's daughters.

There were many children born to Altamsh, but the most remarkable one of them all was the Sultana Rezia. During her childhood Rezia must have seen much of the trouble that seethed everywhere in India, for it was during her father's reign that Chengiz Khan burst in upon the Mahomedan world.

Chengiz Khan was a Moghul petty chief and "most violent enemy of mankind." He and his hordes left always the most appalling slaughter and destruction in their track. Their appearance was "an event which changed the whole face of Asia." Altamsh did not incur their displeasure, so was saved a visitation from them. He ruled in comparative peace and all Hindustan acknowledged Delhi as paramount. He received investiture from the far Khalif of Bagdad, and that made his position secure from the religious point of view.



From her father, Rezia inherited an unusual beauty, sufficient said one enthusiastic writer "to ripen the corn in the blade." She was wise as well as prudent, far beyond what was usual even in the best of her day. Her father was exceedingly fond and proud of his gifted daughter. He educated her well, so she could read the Koran correctly for herself. He also trained her thoroughly in politics, so that, as Ferishta says, "Rezia Begum was endowed with every princely virtue," and then he quaintly adds, "and those who scrutinise her actions most severely will find in her no fault but that she was a woman !"

Unhappily Rezia's mother was of a passionate nature and of cruel unprincipled ways, and rendered the Zenana life unhealthy and even undesirably mischievous. But such conditions seem only to have made the Princess more thoughtful. In spite of it all she remained kind and pure and was highly honoured and idolised by the whole of her father's court.

Altamsh specially guided Rezia's love of beauty, and with him she watched the building of some of that wonderful column, the Kutb Minar, at Delhi. The Minar had been begun by Kutb who wanted it to be the finest thing of its kind with its fluted shaft and exquisitely balanced proportions. Upon it Altamsh caused to be inscribed the most eulogistic inscriptions describing his own virtues and qualities, and probably Rezia helped in the composition of them.

They run thus :—

The great King; the exalted Emperor; master of the necks of the people; the pride of the Kings of Arabia and Ajni; God's shadow on earth; the son of the world and of faith; redresser of Islam and the



Musalman; the crown of kings and princes; the spreader of justice among mankind; great among the conquering powers; the light of the people of light; the helper from the sky; the conqueror of his enemies; the bright star of the firmament of sovereignty, spreader of justice and mercy; the refuge of the countries of the earth; the revealer of the words of God; Abul Muzaffer Altamsh, Sultan, ally of the Amir-ul-Momenia. May God perpetuate his country and his reign, and exalt his authority and his prestige.

From which it is obvious that the ' Slave King ' had an exalted opinion of himself and of his position.

Princess Rezia was so thoroughly master of state affairs that when Altamsh went southwards in 1226 with his huge army on a conquering expedition, he left her in charge of the Government. To the high officials and nobles of his court he said :—

“ Know that the burden of power, too heavy for my sons, though there were twenty of them, is not so for the delicate Rezia; she has in her more spirit than they all.”

Rezia showed herself thoroughly competent for the task entrusted to her. It must have been a task of great difficulty, for there were unruly brothers to remember, a cruel and unscrupulous mother to keep the peace with, and two factions in the kingdom to prevent breaking out into open hostilities. Rezia prayed most earnestly to God to help her and give her wisdom and strength. She ruled with such firmness and tact that all, even her brothers, recognised how wise had been the choice of Altamsh, who, when he returned from his conquests, could find no words adequate enough





with which to praise his loved and talented daughter. Her taste of power did not spoil Rezia ; she made no foolish efforts to keep the reins of government in her own hands. She gladly resigned her leadership and subsided into her ordinary place.

A few years later Altamsh was setting out upon a journey to Multan when he died suddenly. Rezia was sorely grieved over his death for she loved him very deeply—there seemed to have been a remarkable bond of comradeship between father and daughter.

Altamsh's son, Rukn-ud-din, became ruler, but he had no strength to hold his throne. He was a weak man, foolish too. His money and his jewels he threw to dancing women or to buffoons. He did not trouble about the Government, leaving that entirely to his mother—who dominated him. Before long she had driven practically every one into rebellion ; so cruel, so tyrannous was she. In seven months Rukn was deposed. Who should rule ? The majority of the nobles turned to Princess Rezia ; they hailed her as Sultana. The old vizir who had served her brother and father could not bend his proud head to a woman's rule ; he headed the party which opposed her elevation. He gathered an army to attack Delhi, and defeated the troops of the Sultana. It looked as though hers would be but a brief reign.

But the Sultana saw where the weaknesses were in each party, and played them off against one another so cleverly that dissensions were quickly sown and they no longer acted in unity, and in consequence their schemes failed entirely. Then the Sultana seized upon those whom she thought most dangerous, had them put





to death, and through the exercise of a rare magnanimity made friends of the rest.

Sultana Rezia governed with unusual ability. She attended to everything. She appeared every day seated on the throne, robed in male attire and with quick judgment and insight righted those things that were unjust or oppressive. The people trusted in her and felt secure. It seemed as though a long and prosperous reign stretched before the gifted Sultana. But no, she needs must fall in love—and with a slave ! Of slave origin herself and related closely to influential families which could boast of no better descent, it scarce would seem to have mattered. But the Sultana's lover was a different kind of slave, an Abyssinian, and only her Master of the Horse.

The Sultana truly loved the handsome Abyssinian, and she purposed marrying him. To pave the way she created him Amiral Omrah—commander-in-chief. Thereby she offended beyond forgiveness all her proud nobles. Love had robbed her of her usual fine tact and keen sensitiveness as to what was best to do.

Altunia, a Turkish chief, was the first to break away. Sultana Rezia promptly went out to meet him at Batinda. But sedition had been at work in the Sultana's army and the soldiers mutinied on the way. They seized the Abyssinian and killed him. Then her generals seized the Sultana and hurriedly gave her over into Altunia's hands. They then went rapidly back to Delhi and put her cruel and murderous brother Behram upon the throne.

But Sultana Rezia was not beaten. She so won Altunia by her beauty and cleverness that he married





her. Though a rebel he seems to have been a brave and able man and possibly had good cause for the step he took, and the Sultana respected him.

They were married amid the rejoicing of Altunia's people. After all the celebrations were over, they kept quiet for a while. Then together they gathered a large army, unfurled the imperial banner, and set out for Delhi.

But fate had turned against the Sultana. Despite every effort, her army was twice badly beaten, and finally she and her husband were taken prisoners. Nothing, not even her beauty, nor her services to her people, served to avert the end. She and Altunia were condemned to death. She had ruled only three and a half years.

With the death of Sultana Rezia closed all prospect of peace for India. The ' Slave-Kings ' who followed her were terrible men, wholly unworthy of the high title of king.

*Josephine Ransom.*



## THE EMPEROR'S ONLY WIFE \*

Jehangir was dead; with him had died with marvellous suddenness the influence of his famous consort, Nur Jehan.† For years she had made the history of Musalman India; after Jehangir's death her name is never seen in a single historian's pages.

To Nur Jehan her niece, Mumtaza Zemani,‡ was successor. She was the daughter of Asif Khan, brother of Nur Jehan, he who put the great Queen under restraint while he placed Shah Jehan upon the throne, and, for a time, juggled as he would with the Empire.

Shah Jehan was the cleverest of Jehangir's sons—though not the eldest. Those older than he were removed from his path and he ascended the throne. In accordance with the passion for luxury and beauty so characteristic of the 'Great Moghuls,' Shah Jehan plunged into extravagant expenditure for lavish entertainments where everything was exquisite and costly; and he erected magnificent buildings.

A new Delhi rose, far more splendid than the old one—a city of wide streets lined with trees and bordered with shops of which the present Chandni Chauk

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\* From Josephine Ransom's *Indian Tales of Love and Beauty* by kind permission of the Theosophist Office, Madras.

† 'Light of the world.'

‡ 'The most exalted of the age.'



is still a noted remnant. The great Mosque is even to-day a marvel of splendour, and on Jumna's banks grew up an immense fortified palace of spacious courts and marble halls and domes of gold.

It was for Shah Jehan, 'the magnificent,' that the wonderful 'peacock throne' was made, a priceless bauble destined to strange vicissitudes. In the form of a peacock the glorious throne glowed and scintillated with sapphires, emeralds, rubies, masses of diamonds and other precious stones. Six and a half millions was Tavernier's estimate of its worth—and he was a jeweller.

Upon the anniversary of his accession Shah Jehan planned innumerable extravagances. He was weighed against precious stones, vessels filled with them were waved around his head and poured over him (to avert misfortune), and then they were thrown to the scrambling spectators, or presented to favourites. One million six hundred thousand pounds were spent upon this one occasion, says Khafi Khan, the historian. Happily none of this expenditure depended upon undue taxation of the people, or brought about bankruptcy of his own finances.

Amid these brilliant and luxurious surroundings moved Mumtaza Zemani, wife of Jemal Khan, one of the first noblemen of Shah Jehan's Court. All who saw her fell to rapturous praise of her beauty—second only was she to the incomparable Nur Jehan.

It was the *Naroze*, a special Moghul festival held on the ninth day of the new year. In the very heart of the palace—the Seraglio—Moghul ladies held high carnival. They kept stalls and sold exquisite stuffs, delicate embroideries, gay ribbons and heavy cloths of





gold—fabrics from every part of the world. To these festivals the King always came to bargain with the stall-holders, who were for once in the year free of barred windows, free of curtained, guarded door-ways, free of the shapeless swathings that impeded their movements when they went beyond their own door. The Emperor went round buying from each lady-merchant. Sometimes his haggling would so annoy one of them that she would scold him soundly and send him about his business—though they did ask impossibly high prices for their wares.

For one such *Naroze* Shah Jehan ordered that all the ladies should sell precious stones, and he commanded his nobles to go and purchase them, no matter what they cost.

Mumtaza Zemani held a stall; and so charming and gracious and lovely was she that her stock soon vanished, even though she demanded outrageous prices for them. She had nothing left when Shah Jehan appeared. He looked around at the sellers and at once his eye was caught by the beauty of Mumtaza Zemani. He made his way to her stall.

“What have you to sell, dear lady?” he asked.

“Only one large diamond, sire,” she replied, “but its price is very high.”

“Will you let me see it?” inquired the Prince smilingly.

“Gladly,” said Mumtaza Zemani, and she showed him a large piece of sugar-candy, diamond-shaped and quite transparent.

“What do you ask for it?” asked Shah Jehan.

“One lakh, sire,” replied Mumtaza calmly.



The prince promptly paid the money. Then he fell to talking with her and was quite captivated by her charm and wit.

Later on Shah Jehan became the Emperor, and amid the most gorgeous ceremonies Mumtaza was made his wife. She loved the Emperor and he returned her love a thousandfold. He never added another to share her place, a thing exceedingly rare in a Moghul Emperor's harem.

Fourteen years passed and Mumtaza grew always in the love and esteem of all the Emperor's household. Unlike Nur Zehan she had no love of intrigue, no desire to rule or feel that the pulse of the nation throbbed to her administration. She controlled others, and influenced them strongly, but it was through the warmth of her affections, her loyalty and goodness that she did so, and not through any effort to dominate by force of will.

Mumtaza had many children and just before the birth of her last one she felt a queer sense of disaster, felt that her end was near.

"Beloved, I shall die," she said to Shah Jehan, "and ere I die two things I beg of thee, two promises I want thee to make to me."

"Light of my heart," answered the Emperor, "ask, and it shall be as thou wilt."

"Promise me, then, that thou wilt not marry again; I could not bear to think that another's children should quarrel with mine over your riches, your love, and the right to the throne. Promise me, also, that thou wilt erect over my body a tomb such as will give immortality to my name."





Shah Jehan sadly and fervently promised to do exactly as she wished. Mumtaza died in child-birth and left the Emperor in bitter, lonely anguish. He had loved his wife with a devotion so great that it seemed his heart must break when he lost her.

He kept his promises, though he was often urged to marry for political reasons.

There is but one God for the soul, he said, and but one moon for the sun.

He raised over the remains of his adored Empress the far-famed Taj Mahal. It is still one of the loveliest things on earth, marvellously pure in design, marvellously beautiful in appearance—and enduring.

Of white marble the Taj stands on Jumna's banks, near Agra, ethereally lovely and perfectly poised. It is a dream in marble, simple yet intricate, a marvel of all that is glorious and gracious in combination of curve and line.

The Emperor planned that his own remains should eventually rest beneath an equally magnificent structure on the other side of the river, and that the blue waters flowing between the two should be spanned by a fairy-like bridge of marble. But he fell sick and died before he could commence the building of the second Taj, and as no one attempted to carry out his wishes his body was placed beside that of his first and only wife—'the most exalted of the age.'

*Josephine Ransom.*



## DOOMED TO LIVE \*

The clock of the little town of Menda had just struck midnight. At this moment, a young French officer was leaning on the parapet of a long terrace which bounded the gardens of the castle. He seemed plunged in the deepest thought—a circumstance unusual amid the thoughtlessness of military life; but it must be owned that never were the hour, the night and the place more propitious to meditation. The beautiful Spanish sky stretched out its azure dome above his head. The glittering stars and the soft moonlight lit up a charming valley that unfolded all its beauties at his feet. Leaning against a blossoming orange tree he could see, a hundred feet below him, the town of Menda, which seemed to have been placed for shelter from the north winds at the foot of the rock on which the castle was built. As he turned his head he could see the sea, framing the landscape with a broad silver sheet of glistening water. The castle was a blaze of light. The mirth and movement of a ball, the music of the orchestra, the laughter of the officers and their partners in the dance, were borne to him mingled with the distant murmur of the waves. The freshness of the night imparted a sort of energy to his limbs, weary

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\* From *Balzac's Short Stories*, by kind permission of the publishers, The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd., London, England.



with the heat of the day. Above all, the gardens were planted with trees so aromatic, and flowers so fragrant, that the young man stood plunged, as it were, in a bath of perfumes.

The castle of Menda belonged to a Spanish grandee, then living there with his family. During the whole of the evening, his eldest daughter had looked at the officer with an interest so tinged with sadness that the sentiment of compassion thus expressed by the Spaniard might well call up a reverie in the Frenchman's mind.

Clara was beautiful, and although she had three brothers and a sister, the wealth of the Marques de Leganes seemed great enough for Victor Marchand to believe that the young lady would have a rich dowry. But how dare he hope that the most bigoted old hidalgo in all Spain would ever give his daughter to the son of a Parisian grocer? Besides, the French were hated. The Marques was suspected by General Gautier, who governed the province, of planning a revolt in favour of Ferdinand VII. For this reason the battalion commanded by Victor Marchand had been cantonned in the little town of Menda, to hold the neighbouring hamlets, which were dependent on the Marques, in check. Recent despatches from Marshal Ney had given ground for fear that the English would shortly land on the coast, and had indicated the Marques as a man who carried on communication with the cabinet of London.

In spite, therefore, of the welcome which the Spaniard had given him and his soldiers, the young officer Victor Marchand remained constantly on his guard. As he was directing his steps towards the



terrace whither he had come to examine the state of the town and the country districts entrusted to his care, he debated how he ought to interpret the friendliness which the Marques had unceasingly shown him, and how the tranquillity of the country could be reconciled with his General's uneasiness. But in one moment these thoughts were driven from his mind by a feeling of caution and well-grounded curiosity. He had just perceived a considerable number of lights in the town. In spite of the day being the Feast of St. James, he had given orders, that very morning, that all lights should be extinguished at the hour prescribed by his regulations, the castle alone being excepted from this order. He could plainly see, here and there, the gleam of his soldiers' bayonets at their accustomed posts; but there was a solemnity in the silence, and nothing to suggest that the Spaniards were a prey to the excitement of a festival. After having sought to explain the offence of which the inhabitants were guilty, the mystery appeared all the more unaccountable to him, because he had left officers in charge of the night police and the rounds. With all the impetuosity of youth, he was just about to leap through a breach and descend the rocks in haste, and thus arrive more quickly than by the ordinary road at a small outpost, placed at the entrance of the town nearest to the castle, when a faint sound stopped him. He thought he heard the light footfall of a woman upon the gravel walk. He turned his head and saw nothing; but his gaze was arrested by the extraordinary brightness of the sea. All of a sudden he beheld a sight so portentous that he stood dumbfounded; he thought that his senses deceived him. In the far





distance he could distinguish sails gleaming white in the moonlight. He trembled and tried to convince himself that this vision was an optical illusion, merely the fantastic effect of the moon on the waves. At this moment a hoarse voice pronounced his name. He looked towards the breach, and saw slowly rising above it the head of the soldier whom he had ordered to accompany him to the castle.

"Is that you, Commandant?"

"Yes; what do you want?" replied the young man in a low voice. A sort of presentiment warned him to be cautious.

"Those rascals down there are stirring like worms. I have hurried, with your leave, to tell you my own little observations."

"Go on," said Victor Marchand.

"I have just followed a man from the castle who came in this direction with a lantern in his hand. A lantern's a frightfully suspicious thing. I don't fancy it was tapers my fine Catholic was going to light at this time of night. 'They want to eat us, body and bones!' says I to myself; so I went on his track to reconnoitre. There, on a ledge of rock, not three paces from here, I discovered a great heap of faggots."

Suddenly a terrible shriek rang through the town and cut the soldier short. At the same instant a gleam of light flashed before the Commandant. The poor grenadier received a ball in the head and fell. A fire of straw and dry wood burst into flame like a house on fire, not ten paces from the young man. The sound of the instruments and the laughter ceased in the ball-room. The silence of death, broken only by groans, had suddenly succeeded to the noises and



music of the fest. The fire of a cannon roared over the surface of the sea. Cold sweat trickled down the young officer's forehead; he had no sword. He understood that his men had been slaughtered, and the English were about to disembark. If he lived he saw himself dishonoured, summoned before a council of war. Then he measured with his eyes the depth of the valley. He sprang forward, when just at that moment his hand was seized by Clara.

"Fly!" said she; "my brothers are following to kill you. Down yonder at the foot of the rock you will find Juanito's andalusian. Quick!"

The young man looked at her for a moment, stupefied. She pushed him on; then, obeying the instinct of self-preservation which never forsakes even the bravest man, he rushed down the park in the direction she had indicated. He leapt from rock to rock, where only the goats had ever trod before; he heard Clara crying out to her brothers to pursue him; he heard the footsteps of the assassins; he heard the balls of several discharges whistle about his ears; but he reached the valley, he found the horse, mounted, and disappeared swift as lightning. In a few hours he arrived at the quarters occupied by General Gautier. He found him at dinner with his staff.

"I bring to you my life in my hand!" cried the Commandant, his face pale and haggard.

He sat down and related the horrible disaster. A dreadful silence greeted his story.

"You appear to me to be more unfortunate than criminal," said the terrible General at last. "You are not accountable for the crime of the Spaniards, and unless the Marshal decides otherwise, I acquit you."





These words could give the unfortunate officer but slight consolation.

"But when the Emperor hears of it!" he exclaimed.

"He will want to have you shot," said the General. "However——but we will talk no more about it," he added severely, "except how we are to take such a revenge as will strike wholesome fear upon this country, where they carry on war like savages."

One hour afterwards, a whole regiment, a detachment of cavalry, and a convoy of artillery were on the road. The General and Victor marched at the head of the column. The soldiers, informed of the massacre of their comrades, were filled with extraordinary fury. The distance which separated the town of Menda from the general quarters was passed with marvellous rapidity. On the road the General found whole villages under arms. Each of these wretched townships was surrounded and their inhabitants decimated.

By some inexplicable fatality, the English ships stood off instead of advancing. It was known afterwards that these vessels had outstript the rest of the transports and only carried artillery. Thus the town of Menda, deprived of the defenders she was expecting, and which the sight of the English vessels had seemed to assure, was surrounded by the French troops almost without striking a blow. The inhabitants, seized with terror, offered to surrender at discretion. Then followed one of those instances of devotion not rare in the Peninsula. The assassins of the French, foreseeing, from the cruelty of the General, that Menda would probably be given over to the flames and the whole population put to the sword,





offered to denounce themselves. The General accepted this offer, inserting as a condition, that the inhabitants of the castle, from the lowest valet to the Marques himself, should be placed in his hands. This capitulation agreed upon, the General promised to pardon the rest of the population and to prevent his soldiers from pillaging or setting fire to the town. An enormous contribution was exacted, and the richest inhabitants gave themselves up as hostages to guarantee the payment, which was to be accomplished within twenty-four hours.

The General took all precautions necessary for the safety of his troops, provided for the defence of the country, and refused to lodge his men in the houses. After having formed a camp, he went up and took military possession of the castle. The members of the family of Leganes and the servants were gagged, and shut up in the great hall where the ball had taken place, and closely watched. The windows of the apartment afforded a full view of the terrace which commanded the town. The staff was established in a neighbouring gallery, and the General proceeded at once to hold a council of war on the measures to be taken for opposing the debarkation. After having despatched an aide-de-camp to Marshal Ney, with orders to plant batteries along the coast, the General and his staff turned their attention to the prisoners. Two hundred Spaniards, whom the inhabitants had surrendered, were shot down then and there upon the terrace. After this military execution the General ordered as many gallows to be erected on the terrace as there were prisoners in the hall of the castle, and the town executioner to be brought. Victor Marchand



made use of the time from then until dinner to go and visit the prisoners. He soon returned to the General.

"I have come," said he, in a voice broken with emotion, "to ask you a favour."

"You?" said the General, in a tone of bitter irony.

"Alas!" replied Victor, "it is but a melancholy errand that I am come on. The Marques has seen the gallows being erected, and expresses a hope that you will change the mode of execution for his family; he entreats you to have the nobles beheaded."

"So be it!" said the General.

"They further ask you to allow them the last consolations of religion, and to take off their bonds; they promise not to attempt to escape."

"I consent," said the General; "but you must be answerable for them."

"The old man also offers you the whole of his fortune if you will pardon his young son."

"Really!" said the General. "His goods already belong to King Joseph; he is under arrest." His brow contracted scornfully, then he added:—"I will go beyond what they ask. I understand now the importance of the last request. Well, let him buy the eternity of his name, but Spain shall remember forever his treachery and its punishment. I give up the fortune and his life to whichever of his sons will fulfil the office of executioner. Go, and do not speak to me of it again."

Dinner was ready, and the officers sat down to table to satisfy appetites sharpened by fatigue.

One of them only, Victor Marchand, was not present at the banquet. He hesitated for a long time



before he entered the room. The haughty family of Leganes were in their agony. He glanced sadly at the scene before him ; in this very room, only the night before, he had watched the fair heads of those two young girls and those three youths as they circled in the excitement of the dance. He shuddered when he thought how soon they must fall, struck off by the sword of the headsman. Fastened to their gilded chairs, the father and mother, their three sons, and their two young daughters sat absolutely motionless. Eight serving-men stood upright before them, their hands bound behind their backs. These fifteen persons looked at each other gravely, their eyes scarcely betraying the thoughts that surged within them. Only profound resignation and regret for the failure of their enterprise left any mark upon the features of some of them. The soldiers stood likewise motionless, looking at them, and respecting the affliction of their cruel enemies. An expression of curiosity lit up their faces when Victor appeared. He gave the order to unbind the condemned, and went himself to loose the cords which fastened Clara to her chair. She smiled sadly.

" Have you been successful ? " she said, smiling upon him mournfully with somewhat of the charm of girlhood still lingering in her eyes.

Victor could not suppress a groan. He looked one after the other at Clara and her three brothers. One, the eldest, was aged thirty ; he was small, even somewhat ill made, with a proud disdainful look, but there was a certain nobleness in his bearing ; he seemed no stranger to that delicacy of feeling which elsewhere has rendered the chivalry of Spain so famous. His name was Juanito. The second, Felipe, was aged



about twenty ; he was like Clara. The youngest was eight, Manuel. The old Marques seemed to have come forth from a picture of Murillo. The young officer shook his head. When he looked at them, he was hopeless that he would ever see the bargain proposed by the General accepted by either of the four ; nevertheless he ventured to impart it to Clara. At first she shuddered, Spaniard though she was ; then, immediately recovering her calm demeanour, she went and knelt down before her father.

“ Father,” she said, “ make Juanito swear to obey faithfully any orders that you give him, and we shall be content.”

The Marquesa trembled with hope ; but when she leant towards her husband, and heard—she who was a mother—the horrible confidence whispered by Clara, she swooned away. Juanito understood all ; he leapt up like a lion in its cage. After obtaining an assurance of perfect submission from the Marques, Victor took upon himself to send away the soldiers. The servants were led out, handed over to the executioner, and hanged. When the family had no guard but Victor to watch them, the old father rose and said, “ Juanito.”

Juanito made no answer, except by a movement of the head, equivalent to a refusal ; then he fell back in his seat, and stared at his parents with eyes dry and terrible to look upon. Clara went and sat beside him, put her arm round his neck, and kissed his eyelids.

“ My dear Juanito,” she said gaily, “ if thou didst only know how sweet death would be to me if it were given by thee, I should not have to endure the odious touch of the headsman’s hands. Thou wilt cure me of the woes that were in store for me—and, dear



Juanito, thou couldst not bear to see me wedded to another, well.—” Her soft eyes cast one look of fire at Victor, as if to awaken in Juanito’s heart his horror of the French.

“Have courage,” said his brother Felipe, “or else our race, that has almost given kings to Spain, will be extinct.”

Suddenly Clara rose, the group which had formed round Juanito separated, and this son, dutiful in his disobedience, saw his aged father standing before him and heard him cry in a solemn voice, “Juanito, I command thee.”

The young Count remained motionless. His father fell on his knees before him; Clara, Manuel, and Felipe did the same instinctively. They all stretched out their hands to him as to one who was to save their family from oblivion; they seemed to repeat their father’s words—“My son, hast thou lost the energy, the true chivalry of Spain? How long wilt thou leave thy father on his knees? What right hast thou to think of thine own life and its suffering? Madam, is this a son of mine?” continued the old man, turning to his wife.

“He consents,” cried she in despair. She saw a movement in Juanito’s eyelids and she alone understood its meaning.

Mariquita, the second daughter, still knelt on her knees, and clasped her mother in her fragile arms; her little brother Manuel, seeing her weeping hot tears, began to chide her. At this moment the almoner of the castle came in; he was immediately surrounded by the rest of the family and brought to Juanito. Victor could bear this scene no longer; he made a sign to





Clara, and hastened away to make one last effort with the General. He found him in high good-humour in the middle of the banquet drinking with his officers ; they were beginning to make merry.

An hour later a hundred of the principal inhabitants of Menda came up to the terrace, in obedience to the General's orders, to witness the execution of the family of Leganes. A detachment of soldiers was drawn up to keep back these Spanish burghers who were ranged under the gallows on which the servants of the Marques still hung. The feet of these martyrs almost touched their heads. Thirty yards from them a block had been set up, and by it gleamed a scimitar. The headsman also was present, in case of Juanito's refusal. Presently, in the midst of the profoundest silence, the Spaniards heard the footsteps of several persons approaching, the measured tread of a company of soldiers, and the faint clinking of their muskets. These diverse sounds were mingled with the merriment of the officers' banquet; just as before it was the music of the dance which had concealed preparations for a treacherous massacre. All eyes were turned towards the castle; the noble family was seen advancing with incredible dignity. Every face was calm and serene ; one man only leant, pale and haggard, on the arm of the Priest. Upon this man he lavished all the consolations of religion—upon the only one of them doomed to live. The executioner understood, as did all the rest, that for that day Juanito had undertaken the office himself. The aged Marques and his wife, Clara, Mariquita, and their two brothers, came and knelt down a few steps from the fatal spot. Juanito was led thither by the Priest. As he approached the





block the executioner touched him by the sleeve and drew him aside, probably to give him certain instructions.

The Confessor placed the victims in such a position that they could not see the executioner ; but like true Spaniards, they knelt erect without a sign of emotion.

Clara was the first to spring forward to her brother. " Juanito," she said, " have pity on my faint-heartedness ; begin with me."

At that moment they heard the footsteps of a man running at full speed, and Victor arrived on the tragic scene. Clara was already on her knees, already her white neck seemed to invite the edge of the scimitar. A deadly pallor fell upon the officer, but he still found strength to run on.

" The General grants thee thy life if thou wilt marry me," he said to her in a low voice.

The Spaniard cast a look of proud disdain on the officer. " Strike, Juanito," she said, in a voice of profound meaning.

Her head rolled at Victor's feet. When the Marquesa heard the sound a convulsive start escaped her ; this was the only sign of her affliction.

" Am I placed right so, dear Juanito ? " little Manuel asked his brother.

" Ah, thou weepest, Mariquita ! " said Juanito to his sister.

" Yes," answered the girl ; " I was thinking of thee, my poor Juanito ; thou wilt be so unhappy without us."



At length the noble figure of the Marques appeared. He looked at the blood of his children ; then he turned to the spectators, who stood mute and motionless before him. He stretched out his hands to Juanito, and said in a firm voice : “ Spaniards, I give my son a father’s blessing. Now, *Marques*, strike without fear, as thou art without fault.”

But when Juanito saw his mother approach, supported by the Confessor, he groaned aloud, “ She fed me at her own breast.” His cry seemed to tear a shout of horror from the lips of the crowd. At this terrible sound the noise of the banquet and the laughter and merry-making of the officers died away. The Marquesa comprehended that Juanito’s courage was exhausted. With one leap she had thrown herself over the balustrade, and her head was dashed to pieces against the rocks below. A shout of admiration burst forth. Juanito fell to the ground in a swoon.

“ Marchand has just been telling me something about this execution,” said a half-drunken officer. “ I’ll warrant, General, it wasn’t by your orders that——”

“ Have you forgotten, Messieurs,” cried General Gautier, “ that during the next month there will be five hundred French families in tears and that we are in Spain ? Do you wish to leave your bones here ? ”

After this speech there was not a man, not even a sub-lieutenant, who dared to empty his glass.

In spite of the respect with which he is surrounded—in spite of the title of *El Verdugo* (the executioner), bestowed upon him as a title of nobility by the King of Spain—the Marques de Leganes is a prey to





melancholy. He lives in solitude, and is rarely seen. Overwhelmed with the load of his glorious crime, he seems only to await the birth of a second son, impatient to seek again the company of those Shades who are about his path continually.

*Balzac.*



## LOVE \*

I was born with all the instincts and the senses of primitive man, tempered by the arguments and the feelings of a civilised being. I am passionately fond of shooting, but the sight of the bleeding animal, with the blood on its feathers and on my hands, affect my heart so, as almost to make it stop.

That year, the cold weather set in suddenly towards the end of autumn, and I was invited by one of my cousins, Karl de Rauville, to go with him and shoot ducks on the marshes, at daybreak.

My cousin, who was a jolly fellow of forty, with red hair, very stout and bearded, a country gentleman, an amiable semi-brute, of a happy disposition and endowed with that Gallic wit which makes even mediocrity agreeable—lived in a house, half farm-house, half château, situated in a broad valley through which a river ran. The hills right and left were covered with woods, old seigniorial woods where magnificent trees still remained, and where the rarest feathered game in that part of France was to be found. Eagles were shot there occasionally, and birds of passage, those which rarely come into our over-populated part of the country, almost infallibly stopped amidst these branches which were centuries old, as if they knew or

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recognised a little corner of a forest of ancient times which had remained there to serve them as a shelter during their short nocturnal halting place.

In the valley there were large meadows watered by trenches and separated by hedges ; then, further on, the river, which up to that point had been cut by canals, expanded into a vast marsh. That marsh, which was the best shooting ground which I ever saw, was chief care of my cousin, who kept it like a park. Amongst the number of rushes that covered it, and made it living, rustling and rough, narrow passages had been made, through which the flat-bottomed boats, which were impelled and steered by poles, passed along silently over the dead water, brushed up against the reeds and made the swift fish take refuge amongst the weeds, and the wild fowl dive, whose pointed, black heads disappeared suddenly.

I am passionately fond of the water; the sea, although it is too vast, too full of movement, impossible to hold, the rivers which are so beautiful, but which pass on, flee away and go, and above all the marshes, where the whole unknown existence of aquatic animals palpitates. The marsh is an entire world to itself on earth, a different world which has its own life, its settled inhabitants and its passing travellers, its voices, its noises, and above all its mystery. Nothing is more disturbing, nothing more disquieting, more terrifying occasionally, than a fen. Why should this terror hang over these low plains covered with water ? Is it the vague rustling of the rushes, the strange Will-o'-the-wisps, the profound silence which envelopes them on calm nights, or is it the strange mists, which hang over the rushes like a





shroud ; or else is it the imperceptible splashing, so slight and so gentle, and sometimes more terrifying than the cannons of men or the thunders of skies, which make these marshes resemble countries which one has dreamt of, terrible countries concealing an unknown and dangerous secret ?

No, something else belongs to it, another mystery, more profound and graver, floats amidst these thick mists. Perhaps the mystery of the creation itself ! For was it not in stagnant and muddy water, amidst the heavy humidity of moist land under the heat of the sun, that the first germ of life vibrated and expanded to the day ?

I arrived at my cousin's in the evening. It was freezing hard enough to split stones.

During dinner, in the large room whose side-boards, walls and ceiling were covered with stuffed birds, with extended wings or perched on branches to which they were nailed, hawks, herons, owls, night-jars, buzzards, tiercels, vultures, falcons, my cousin who himself resembled some strange animal from a cold country, dressed in a sealskin jacket, told me what preparations he had made for that same night.

We were to start at half past three in the morning, so as to arrive at the place which he had chosen for our watching place at about half past four. On that spot, a hut had been built of lumps of ice, so as to shelter us somewhat from the terrible wind which precedes daybreak, that wind which is so cold that it tears the flesh as if with a saw, cuts it like the blade of a knife and prieks it like a poisoned sting, twists it like a pair of pincers, and burns it like fire.





My cousin rubbed his hands : " I have never known such a frost," he said ; " it is already twelve degrees below zero at six o'clock in the evening."

I threw myself on my bed immediately after we had finished our meal, and went to sleep by the light of a bright fire burning in the grate.

At three o'clock he woke me. In my turn, I put on a sheepskin, and found my cousin Karl covered with a bearskin. After having each of us swallowed two cups of scalding coffee, we started, accompanied by a gamekeeper and our dogs, Plongeon and Pierrot.

From the first moment that I got outside, I felt chilled to the very marrow. It was one of those nights on which the earth seems dead with cold. The frozen air becomes resisting and palpable, such pain does it cause ; no breath of wind moves it, it is fixed and motionless ; it bites, pierces through you, dries, kills the trees, the plants, the insects, the small birds themselves that fall from the branches on the hard ground, and become hard themselves under the grip of the cold.

The moon, which was in her last quarter and was inclining all to one side, seemed fainting in the midst of space, and so weak that she did not seem able to take her departure, and so she remained up yonder, also seized and paralyzed by the severity of the weather. She shed a cold, mournful light over the world, that dying and wan light which she gives us every month, at the end of her resurrection.

Karl and I went side by side, our backs bent, our hands in our pockets and our guns under our arms. Our boots, which were wrapped in wool so that we might be able to walk without slipping on the frozen river,





made no sound, and I looked at the white vapour which our dogs' breath made.

We were soon on the edge of the marsh, and went into one of those lanes of dry rushes which ran through this low forest.

Our elbows, which touched the long, ribbonlike, leaves left a slight noise behind us, and I was seized, as I had never been before, by the powerful and singular emotion which marshes cause in me. This one was dead, dead from cold, since we were walking on it, in the middle of its population of dried rushes.

Suddenly, at the turn of one of the lanes, I perceived the ice-hut which had been constructed to shelter us. I went in, and as we had nearly an hour to wait before the wandering birds would awake, I rolled myself up in my rug in order to try and get warm.

Then, lying on my back, I began to look at the misshapen moon, which had four horns through the vaguely transparent walls of this polar house.

But the frost of the frozen marshes, the cold of these walls, the cold from the firmament penetrated me so terribly, that I began to cough.

My cousin Karl became uneasy. "So much the worse if we do not kill much to-day," he said, "I do not want you to catch cold ; we will light a fire." And he told the gamekeeper to cut some rushes.

We made a pile in the middle of our hut which had a hole in the middle of the roof to let out the smoke, and when the red flames rose up to the clear, crystal cloisons they began to melt, gently, imperceptibly, as if these stones of ice sweated. Karl, who had remained outside, called out to me : "Come and



look here ! ” I went out of the hut and remained struck with astonishment. Our hut, in the shape of a cone, looked like an enormous diamond with a heart of fire, which had been suddenly planted there in the midst of the frozen water of the marsh. And inside, we saw two fantastic forms, those of our dogs who were warming themselves at the fire.

But a peculiar cry, a lost, a wandering cry, passed over our heads, and the light from our hearth showed us the wild birds. Nothing moves one so much as the first clamour of life which one does not see, and which is passing through the sombre air so quickly and so far off, before the first streak of the winter's day appears on the horizon. It seems to me at this glacial hour of dawn, as if that passing cry which is carried away by the wings of a bird, is the sigh of a soul from the world !

“ Put out the fire,” Karl said, “ it is getting daylight.”

The sky was, in fact, beginning to grow pale, and the flights of ducks made long, rapid spots which were soon obliterated, on the sky.

A stream of light burst out into the night; Karl had fired, and the two dogs ran forward.

And then, nearly every minute, now he, now I, aimed rapidly as soon as the shadow of a flying flock appeared above the rushes. And Pierrot and Plongeon, out of breath but happy, retrieved for us the bleeding birds, whose eyes occasionally looked at us.

The sun had risen, and it was a bright day with a blue sky, and we were thinking of taking our departure when two birds with extended necks and outstretched wings, glided rapidly over our heads. I



fired, and one of them fell almost at my feet. It was a teal, with a silver breast, and then, in the blue space above me, I heard a voice, the voice of a bird. It was a short, repeated, heartrending lament ; and the bird, the little animal that had been spared, began to turn round in the blue sky, over our heads, looking at its dead companion which I was holding in my hand.

Karl was on his knees, his gun to his shoulder watching it eagerly, until it should be within shot. " You have killed the duck," he said, " and the drake will not fly away."

He certainly did not fly away ; he turned round over our heads continually, and continued his cries. Never have any groans of suffering pained me so much as that desolate appeal, as that lamentable reproach of this poor bird which was lost in space.

Occasionally he took a flight under the menace of the gun which followed his flight, and seemed ready to continue his flight alone, but as he could not make up his mind to this, he soon returned to find his mate.

" Leave her on the ground," Karl said to me, " he will come within shot by and by." And he did indeed come near us, careless of danger, infatuated by his animal's love, by his affection for that other animal which I had just killed.

Karl fired, and it was as if somebody had cut the string which held the bird suspended. I saw something black descend, and I heard the noise of a fall amongst the rushes. And Pierrot brought it to me.

I put them,—they were already cold—into the same game bag, and I returned to Paris the same evening.

*Guy de Maupassant.*



## ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN

You are now arrived at that age which the law thinks sufficient to make an oath, taken by you, valid in a court of law ; let us suppose from fourteen to nearly twenty. And, reserving, for a future occasion, my remarks on your duty towards parents, let me offer you my advice as to the means likely to contribute largely towards making you a happy man, useful to all about you, and an honour to those from whom you sprang.

Start, I beseech you, with a conviction firmly fixed in your mind, that you have no right to live in this world, that, being of hale body and sound mind, you have *no right* to any earthly existence, without doing *work* of some sort or other, unless you have ample fortune whereon to live clear of debt ; and, that even in that case, you have no right to breed children, to be kept by others, or to be exposed to the chance of being so kept. Start with this conviction thoroughly implanted in your mind. To wish to live on the labour of others is, besides the folly of it, to contemplate a *fraud* at the least, and, under certain circumstances, to meditate oppression and robbery.

Extravagance in *dress*, in the haunting of *play-houses*, in *horses*, in everything else, is to be avoided, and in youths and young men, extravagance in dress particularly. This sort of extravagance, this waste of money, on the decoration of the body, arises solely from vanity, and from vanity of the most contemptible sort. It arises from the notion, that all the people in





the street, for instance, will be *looking at you* as soon as you walk out, and that they will, in a greater or less degree, think the better of you on account of your fine dress. Never was notion more false. All the sensible people that happen to see you, will think nothing at all about you ; those who are filled with the same vain notion as you are ; will perceive your attempt to impose on them, and will despise you accordingly ; rich people will wholly disregard you ; and you will be envied and hated by those who have the same vanity that you have without the means of gratifying it. Dress should be suited to your rank and station ; a surgeon or physician should not dress like a carpenter, but there is no reason why a tradesman, a merchant's clerk, or clerk of any kind, or why a shopkeeper or manufacturer, or even a merchant, no reason at all why any of these, should dress in an *expensive* manner. It is a great mistake to suppose, that they derive any advantage from exterior decoration. Men are estimated by other *men* according to their capacity and willingness to be in some way or other useful ; and though, with the foolish and vain part of *women*, fine clothes frequently do something, yet the greater part of the sex are much too penetrating to draw their conclusions solely from the outside show of a man ; • they look deeper, and find other criterions whereby to judge. And, after all, if the fine clothes obtain you a wife, will they bring you, in that wife, *frugality*, *good sense*, and that sort of attachment that is likely to be lasting ? Natural beauty of person is quite another thing : this always has, it always will and must have, some weight even with men, and great weight with women. But this does not want to be set off by expensive clothes.





As to drunkenness and gluttony, generally so called, these are vices so nasty and beastly that I deem any one capable of indulging in them to be wholly unworthy of my advice ; and, if any youth unhappily initiated in these odious and debasing vices should happen to read what I am now writing, I refer him to the command of God, conveyed to the Israelites by Moses, in Deuteronomy, Chap. XXI. The father and mother are to take the bad son ' and bring him to the elders of the city ; and they shall say to the elders, This our son will not obey our voice : he is a *glutton* and a *drunkard*. And all the men of the city shall stone him with stones, that he die.' I refer downright beastly gluttons and drunkards to this ; but indulgence short, *far short*, of this gross and really nasty drunkenness and gluttony is to be deprecated, and that, too, with the more earnestness because it is too often looked upon as being no crime at all, and as having nothing blamable in it ; nay, there are many persons who *pride* themselves on their refined taste in matters connected with eating and drinking ; so far from being ashamed of employing their thoughts on the subject, it is their boast that they do it. St. Gregory, one of the Christian fathers, says : ' It is not the *quantity* or *quality* of the meat, or drink, but the *love* of it, *that is condemned* ' ; that is to say, the indulgence beyond the absolute demands of nature, the *hankering* after it, the neglect of some duty or other for the sake of the enjoyments of the table.

This *love* of what are called 'good eating and drinking,' if very unamiable in grown-up persons, is perfectly hateful in a *youth* ; and, if he indulge in the



propensity, he is already half-ruined. To warn you against acts of fraud, robbery, and violence, is not my province; that is the business of those who make and administer the *law*. I am not talking to you against acts which the jailer and the hangman punish; nor against those moral offences which all men condemn; but against indulgences, which, by men in general, are deemed not harmless, but meritorious, but which the observation of my whole life has taught me to regard as destructive to human happiness, and against which all ought to be cautioned even in their boyish days. I have been a great observer, and I can truly say, that I have never known a man, 'fond of good eating and drinking,' as it is called, that I have never known such a man (and hundreds I have known) who was worthy of respect.

Such indulgences are, in the first place, very *expensive*. The materials are costly, and the preparations still more so. What a monstrous thing, that, in order to satisfy the appetite of a man, there must be a person or two at work *every day*! More fuel, culinary implements, kitchen-room; what! all these merely to tickle the palate of four or five people and especially people who can hardly pay their way! And, then, the *loss of time*: the time spent in pleasing the palate: it is truly horrible to behold people who ought to be at work, sitting, at the three meals, not less than three of the about fourteen hours that they are out of their beds! A youth, habituated to this sort of indulgence, cannot be valuable to any employer. Such a youth cannot be deprived of his table-enjoyments on any account: his eating and drinking form the momentous concern of his life: if business



interfere with that, the business must give way. A young man, some years ago, offered himself to me, on a particular occasion, as an amanuensis, for which he appeared to be perfectly qualified. The terms were settled, and I, who wanted the job dispatched, requested him to sit down, and begin ; but he, looking out of the window whence he could see the church clock, said, somewhat hastily, ' I cannot stop now, sir, I must go to *dinner*.' ' Oh ! ' said I, ' you must go to dinner, must you ? Let the dinner, which you must wait upon to-day, have your constant services, then : for you and I shall never agree.' He had told me that he was in *great distress* for want of employment; and yet, when relief was there before his eyes, he could forego it for the sake of getting at his eating and drinking three or four hours, perhaps, sooner than I should have thought it right for him to leave off work. Such a person cannot be sent from home, except at certain times; he *must* be near the kitchen at three fixed hours of the day ; if he be absent more than four or five hours, he is ill-treated. In short, a youth thus pampered is worth nothing as a person to be employed in business.

And, as to *friends* and *acquaintances*, they will say nothing to you; they will offer you indulgences under their roofs : but the more ready you are to accept of their offers, and, in fact, the better taste you discover, the less they will like you, and the sooner they will find means of shaking you off; for, besides the cost which you occasion them, people do not like to have *critics* sitting in judgment on their bottles and dishes. *Water-drinkers* are sometimes *laughed at* ; but it has always seemed to me, that they are





amongst the most welcome of guests, and that, too, though the host be by no means of a niggardly turn. The truth is, they give *no trouble*; they occasion *no anxiety* to please them; they are sure not to make their sittings *inconveniently long*; and, which is the great thing of all, their example teaches *moderation* to the rest of the company. Your notorious 'lovers of good cheer' are, on the contrary, not to be invited without *due reflection* : to entertain one of them is a serious business; and as people are not apt voluntarily to undertake such pieces of business, the well-known 'lovers of good eating and drinking' are left, very generally, to enjoy it by themselves and at their own expense.

But, all other considerations aside, *health*, the most valuable of all earthly possessions, and without which all the rest are worth nothing, bids us, not only to refrain from *excess* in eating and drinking, but bids us to stop short of what might be indulged in without any apparent impropriety. The words of ECCLESIASTICUS ought to be read once a week by every young person in the world, and particularly by the young people of this country at this time. 'Eat modestly that which is set before thee, and *devour* not, lest thou be *hated*. When thou sittest amongst many, reach not thine hand out first of all. *How little is sufficient for man well taught* ! A *wholesome sleep* cometh of a temperate belly. Such a man *riseth up in the morning*, and is *well at ease with himself*. By surfeit have many perished. He that dieteth himself prolongeth his life.' How true are these words ! How well worthy of a constant place in our memories !





So much for indulgences, in eating, drinking, and dress. Next, as to *amusements*. It is recorded of the famous ALFRED, that he devoted eight hours of the twenty-four to labour, eight to rest, and eight to recreation. He was, however, a king, and could be thinking during the eight hours of recreation. • It is certain, that there ought to be hours of recreation, and I do not know that eight are too many; but, then observe, those hours ought to be well-chosen, and the *sort* of recreation ought to be attended to. It ought to be such as is at once innocent in itself and in its tendency, and not injurious to health. The sports of the field are the best of all, because they are conducive to health, because they are enjoyed by *day-light*, and because they demand early rising. The nearer that other amusements approach to these, the better they are. A town life, which many persons are compelled, by the nature of their calling, to lead, precludes the possibility of pursuing amusements of this description to any very considerable extent; and young men in towns are, generally speaking, compelled to choose between *books* on the one hand, or *gaming* and the *play-house* on the other.

As to gaming, it is always *criminal*, either in itself, or in its tendency. The basis of it is covetousness; a desire to take from others something, for which you have given, and intend to give, no equivalent. No gambler was ever yet a happy man, and very few gamblers have escaped being miserable; and, observe, to *game for nothing* is still gaming, and naturally leads to gaming for something. It is sacrificing time, and that, too, for the worst of purposes. I have kept house for nearly forty years; I have reared a family;





I have entertained as many friends as most people; and I have never had cards, dice, nor any implement of gaming, under my roof. The hours that young men spend in this way are hours *murdered*; precious hours, that ought to be spent either in reading or in writing, or in rest, preparatory to the duties of the dawn. Though I do not agree with the base and nauseous flatterers, who now declare the army to be *the best school for statesmen*, it is certainly a school in which to learn experimentally many useful lessons; and, in this school I learned, that men, fond of gaming, are very rarely, if ever, trustworthy. I have known many a clever man rejected in the way of promotion only because he was addicted to gaming. Men, in that state of life, cannot ruin themselves by gaming, for they possess no fortune nor money : but the taste for gaming is always regarded as an indication of a radically bad disposition; and, I can truly say, that I never in my whole life knew a man, fond of gaming, who was not, in some way or other, a person unworthy of confidence. This vice creeps on by very slow degrees till, at last, it becomes an ungovernable passion, swallowing up every good and kind feeling of the heart.

‘ Show me a man’s companions,’ says the proverb, ‘ and I will tell you what the man is.’; and this is, and must be true : because all men seek the society of those who think and act somewhat like themselves. Sober men will not associate with drunkards, frugal men will not like spendthrifts, and the orderly and decent shun the noisy, the disorderly, and the debauched. It is for the very vulgar to herd together as singers, ringers, and smokers; but there is a class





rather higher still more blamable; I mean the tavern-haunters, the gay companions, who herd together to do little but talk, and who are so fond of talk that they go from home to get at it. The conversation amongst such persons has nothing of instruction in it, and is generally of a vicious tendency. Young people naturally and commendably seek the society of those of their own age; but, be careful in choosing your companions; and lay this down as a rule never to be departed from. that no youth, nor man, ought to be called your friend, who is addicted to indecent talk or who is fond of low society. Either of these argues a depraved taste, and even a depraved heart; an absence of all principle and of all trustworthiness; and, I have remarked it all my life long, that young men, addicted to these vices never succeed in the end, whatever advantages they may have, whether in fortune or in talent. Fond mothers and fathers are but too apt to be overlenient to such offenders; and, as long as youth lasts and fortune smiles, the punishment is deferred; but it comes at last; it is sure to come; and the gay and dissolute youth is a dejected and miserable man. After the early part of a life spent in illicit indulgences, a man is *unworthy* of being the husband of a virtuous woman; and, if he have anything like justice in him, how is he to reprove, in his children, vices in which he himself so long indulged? These vices of youth are varnished over by the saying, that there must be time for 'sowing the *wild oats*,' and that 'wildest colts make the best horses.' These figurative oats are, however, generally like the literal ones; they are never to be *eradicated from the soil* and as to the colts, wildness in them is an indication of *high animal*





*spirit*, having nothing at all to do with the mind, which is invariably debilitated and debased by profligate indulgences. Yet this miserable piece of sophistry, the offspring of parental weakness, is in constant use, to the incalculable injury of the rising generation. What so amiable as a steady, trustworthy boy ? He is of *real use* at an early age ; he can be trusted far out of the sight of parent or employer, while the ' pickle,' as the poor fond parents call the profligate, is a great deal worse than useless, because there must be some one to see that he does no harm. If you have to choose, choose companions of *your own rank in life* as nearly as may be ; but, at any rate, none to whom you acknowledge *inferiority* ; for, slavery is too soon learned ; and, if the mind be bowed down in the youth, it will seldom rise up in the man. In the schools of those best of teachers the Jesuits, there is perfect equality as to rank in life : the boy, who enters there, leaves all family pride behind him : intrinsic merit alone is the standard of preference ; and the masters are so scrupulous upon this head, that they do not suffer one scholar, of whatever rank, to have more money to spend than the poorest. These 'wise men know well the mischiefs that must arise from inequality of pecuniary means amongst their scholars. They know how injurious it would be to learning, if deference were, by the learned, paid to the dunce ; and they, therefore, take the most effectual means to prevent it. Hence, amongst other causes, it is, that their scholars have, ever since the existence of their Order, been the most celebrated for learning of any men in the world.



In your *manners* be neither boorish nor blunt, but even these are preferable to simpering and crawling. *Be obedient*, where obedience is due; for, it is no act of meanness, and no indication of want of spirit, to yield implicit and ready obedience to those who have a right to demand it at your hands. In this respect England has been, and I hope always will be, an example to the whole world. To this habit of willing and prompt obedience in apprentices, in servants, in all inferiors in station, she owes, in a great measure, her multitudes of matchless merchants, tradesmen, and workmen of every description, and also the achievements of her armies and navies. It is no disgrace, but the contrary to obey, cheerfully, lawful and just commands. None are so saucy and disobedient as slaves; and when you come to read history, you will find that in proportion as nations have been free has been their reverence for the laws.

Hitherto I have addressed you chiefly relative to the things to be *avoided* : let me now turn to the things which you ought to do. And, first of all, the *husbanding of your time*. The respect that you will receive, the real and *sincere respect*, will depend entirely on what you are able to do. If you be rich, you may purchase what is called respect ; but it is not worth having. To obtain respect worth possessing you must, as I observed before, do more than the common run of men in your state of life ; to be enabled to do this, you must manage well your time; and, to manage it well, you must have as much of the *day-light* and as little of the *candle-light* as is consistent with the





due discharge of your duties. When people get into the habit of sitting up merely for the purpose of talking, it is no easy matter to break themselves of it : and if they do not go to bed early, they cannot rise early. Young people require more sleep than those that are grown up ; there must be the number of hours, and that number cannot well be, on an average, less than *eight* ; and, if it be more in winter time, it is all the better ; for, an hour in bed is better than an hour spent over fire and candle in an idle gossip. People never should sit talking till they do not know what to talk about. It is said by the country-people, that one hour's sleep before midnight is worth more than two are worth after midnight, and this I believe to be a fact ; but it is useless to go to bed early, and to rise early, if the time be not well employed after rising. In general, half the morning is *loitered* away, the party being in a sort of half-dressed half-naked state ; out of bed, indeed, but still in a sort of bedding. Those who first invented *morning-gowns* and *slippers* could have very little else to do. These things are very suitable to those who have had fortunes gained for them by others ; very suitable to those who have nothing to do, and who merely live for the purpose of assisting to consume the produce of the earth ; but he who has his bread to earn, or who means to be worthy of respect on account of his labours, has no business with morning gowns and slippers. In short, be your business or calling what it may, *dress at once for the day* ; and learn to do it as *quickly* as possible. A looking-glass is a piece of furniture a great deal worse than useless. *Looking* at the face will not alter its shape or its



colour ; and, perhaps of all wasted time, none is so foolishly wasted as that which is employed in surveying one's own face. Nothing can be of *little* importance, if one be compelled to attend to it *every day of our lives* ; if we *shaved* but once a year, or once a month, the execution of the thing would be hardly worth naming ; but this is a piece of work that must be done once every day ; and, as it may cost only about *five minutes* of time, and may be, and frequently is, made to *cost thirty*, or even *fifty minutes* ; and, as only fifteen minutes make about a fifty-eighth part of the hours of our average daylight ; this being the case, this is a matter of real importance. How many a piece of important business has failed from a short delay ! And how many thousands of such delays daily proceed from this unworthy cause ! '*Toujours pret !*' was the motto of a famous French general ; and pray let it be yours : be '*always ready*' ; and never, during your whole life, have to say, '*I cannot go till I be shaved and dressed.*' Do the whole at once for the day, whatever may be your state of life ; and then you have a day unbroken by those indispensable performances. Begin thus, in the days of your youth, and, having felt the superiority which this practice will give you over those in all other respects your equals, the practice will stick by you to the end of your life. Till you be shaved and dressed for the day, you cannot set steadily about any business ; you know that you must presently quit your labour to return to the dressing affair ; you, therefore, put it off until that be over ; the interval, the precious interval, is spent in lounging about ; and, by the





time that you are ready for business the best part of the day is gone.

Trifling as this matter appears upon *naming* it, it is, in fact one of the great concerns of life ; and for my part, I can truly say, that I owe more of my great labours to my strict adherence to the precepts that I have here given you, than to all the natural abilities with which I have been endowed ; for these, whatever may have been their amount, would have been of comparatively little use, even aided by great sobriety and abstinence, if I had not, in early life, contracted the blessed habit of husbanding well my time.

*Money* is said to be *power*, which is, in some cases, true ; and the same may be said of *knowledge* ; but superior *sobriety*, *industry* and *activity*, are a still more certain source of power ; for without these, *knowledge* is of little use ; and, as to the power which *money* gives, it is that of *brute force*, it is the power of the bludgeon and the bayonet, and of the bribed press, tongue and pen. Superior sobriety, industry, activity, though accompanied with but a moderate portion of knowledge, command respect, because they have great and visible influence. The drunken, the lazy, and the inert, stand abashed before the sober and the active. Besides, all those whose interests are at stake prefer, of necessity, those whose exertions produce the greatest and most immediate and visible effect. Self-interest is no respecter of persons : it asks, not who knows best what ought to be done, but who is most likely to do it : we may, and often do, admire the talents of lazy, and even dissipated men, but we do not trust





them with the care of our interests. If, therefore, you would have respect and influence in the circle in which you move, be more sober, more industrious, more active than the 'general run of those amongst whom you live.

*Perseverance* is a prime quality in every pursuit. Yours is, too, the time of life to acquire this inestimable habit. Men fail much oftener from want of perseverance than from want of talent and of good disposition : as the race was not to the hare but to the tortoise, so the meed of success in study is to him who is not in haste, but to him who proceeds with a steady and even step. It is not to a want of taste or of desire or of disposition to learn that we have to ascribe the rareness of good scholars, so much as to the want of patient perseverance. Grammar is a branch of knowledge ; like all other things of high value, it is of difficult acquirement : the study is dry ; the subject is intricate ; it engages not the passions ; and, if the *great end* be not kept constantly in view, if you lose for a moment, sight of the *ample* reward, indifference begins, that is followed by weariness, and disgust and despair close the book. To guard against this result, be not in *haste* ; keep *steadily* on ; and, when you find weariness approaching, rouse yourself, and remember, that if you give up, all that you have done has been done in vain. This is a matter of great moment ; for out of every ten, who undertake this task, there are, perhaps, nine who abandon it in despair ; and this, too, merely for the want of resolution to overcome the first approaches of weariness. The most effectual means of security against this mortifying result is to lay





down a rule to write or to read a certain fixed quantity *every day*, Sunday excepted. Our minds are not always in the same state ; they have not, at all times, the same elasticity ; to-day we are full of hope on the very same grounds which, to-morrow, afford us no hope at all : every human being is liable to those flows and ebbs of the mind ; but, if reason interfere, and bid you overcome *the fits of lassitude*, and almost mechanically to go on without the stimulus of hope, the buoyant fit speedily returns ; you congratulate yourself that you did not yield to the temptation to abandon your pursuit, and you proceed with more vigour than ever. Five or six triumphs over temptation to indolence or despair lay the foundation of certain success ; and, what is of still more importance, fix in you the *habit of perseverance*.

Cobbett.

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## THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION

If you consider the lower order of animals such as birds, dogs, cattle, or any class of the brute creation, you will find that they are, for every useful purpose, deprived of the means of communicating their ideas to each other. They have cries, indeed, by which they express pleasure or pain, fear or hope. but they have no formed speech by which, they can converse together. God Almighty who called all creatures into existence in such manner as best pleased Him, has imparted to those inferior animals no power of improving their situation, or of communicating with each other. There is, no doubt, a difference in the capacity of these inferior classes of creation. But though one bird may build her nest more neatly than another of a different class, or one dog may be more clever and more capable of learning tricks than another ; yet, as it wants language to explain to its comrades the advantages which it may possess, its knowledge dies with it ; thus birds and dogs continue to use the same general habits, proper to the species, which they have since the creation of the world. In other words, animals have a certain limited degree of sense, termed instinct, which teaches the present race to seek their food, and provide for their safety and comfort, in nearly the same manner as their parents did before them since the beginning of time, but does not enable them to communicate to their successors any improvements, or to derive any





increase of knowledge from the practice of their predecessors. Thus you may remark, that the example of the swallow, the wren, and other birds, which cover their nests with a roof to protect them against the rain, is never imitated by other classes, who continue to construct theirs in the same exposed and imperfect manner since the beginning of the world.

Another circumstance, which is calculated to prevent the inferior animals from rising above the rank in nature which they are destined to hold, is the short time during which they remain under the care of their parents. A few weeks give the young nestlings of each season strength and inclination to leave the protection of the parents ; the tender attachment which has subsisted while the young bird was unable to provide for itself without assistance is entirely broken off, and in a week or two more they probably do not know each other. The young of the sheep, the cow and the horse, attend and feed by the mother's side for a certain short period, during which they are protected by her care, and supported by her milk : but they have no sooner attained the strength necessary to defend themselves, and the sense to provide for their wants, than they separate from the mother, and all intercourse between the parent and her offspring is closed for ever. •

Thus each separate tribe of animals retains exactly the same position in the general order of the universe which was occupied by its predecessors ; and no existing generation either is, or can be, much better instructed, or more ignorant, than that which preceded or that which is to come after it.



It is widely different with mankind. Man, possessing the knowledge of right and wrong, which belongs to a higher order of creation, and having some affinity to the essence of the Deity himself, is not placed under the same limitations in point of progressive improvement with inferior animals, who are neither responsible for the actions which they perform under directions of their instinct, nor capable, by any exertion of their own, of altering or improving their condition in the scale of creation. So far is this from being the case with man, that he may become wiser and more skilful from hour to hour, as long as his life permits ; and not only is this the case, but tribes and nations of men assembled together for the purpose of mutual protection and defence, have the same power of alteration and improvement, and may, if circumstances are favourable, go on by gradual steps from being a wild horde of naked barbarians till they become a powerful and civilized people.

The ability to amend our condition by increase of knowledge which, in fact, affords the means by which man rises to be the lord of creation, is grounded on the peculiar advantages possessed by the human race. Let us look somewhat closely into this, for it involves some truths equally curious and important.

If man were to be without the power of communicating to his fellow-men the conclusions to which his reasoning had conducted him, it is clear that the progress of each individual in knowledge could be only in proportion to his own observation and his own powers of reasoning. But the gift of speech enables anyone to communicate to others whatever idea of





improvement occurs to him ; and thus, instead of dying in the bosom of the individual by whom it was first thought of, it becomes a part of the stock of knowledge proper to the whole community, which is increased and rendered generally and effectually useful by the accession of further information, as opportunities occur, or men of reflecting and inventive minds arise in the State. This use of spoken language, therefore, which so gloriously distinguishes man from the beasts that perish, is the primary means of introducing and increasing knowledge in infant communities.

Another early cause of the improvement in human society is the incapacity of children to act for themselves rendering the attention and protection of parents to their offspring necessary for so long a period. Even where the food which the earth affords without cultivation, such as fruits and herbs, is most plentifully supplied, children remain too helpless for many years to be capable of gathering it and providing for their own support. This is still more the case where food must be procured by hunting, fishing or cultivating the soil, occupations requiring a degree of skill and personal strength which children cannot possess until they are twelve or fourteen years old. It follows, as a law of nature, that instead of leaving their parents at an early age, like the young of birds or quadrupeds, the youth of the human species necessarily remain under the protection of their father and mother for many years, during which they have time to acquire all the knowledge the parents are capable of teaching. It arises also from this wise arrangement, that the love between the offspring and the





parents, which among the brute creation is the product of mere instinct, and continues for a very short time, becomes in the human race a deep and permanent feeling, founded on the attachment of the parents, the gratitude of the children, and the effect of long habit on both.

For these reasons, it usually happens that children feel no desire to desert their parents, but remain inhabitants of the same huts in which they were born, and take up the task of labouring for a living in their turn, when their fathers and mothers are disabled by age. One or two such families gradually unite together, and avail themselves of each other's company for mutual defence and assistance. This is the earliest stage of human society ; and some savages have been found in this condition so very rude and ignorant that they may be said to be little wiser and better than a herd of animals. The natives of New South Wales, for example, are, even at present, in the very lowest scale of humanity, and ignorant of every art which can add comfort or decency to human life. These unfortunate savages use no clothes, construct no cabins or huts, and are ignorant even of the manner of chasing animals or catching fish, except such of the latter as are left by the tide or are found on the rocks ; they feed upon the most disgusting substances, snakes, worms, maggots, and whatever trash falls in their way. They know, indeed, how to kindle a fire—in that respect only they have stepped beyond the deepest ignorance to which man can be subjected—but they have not learned how to boil water ; and when they see Europeans perform this ordinary operation, they have





been known to run away in great terror. Voyagers tell us of other savages who are even ignorant of the use of fire, and who maintain a miserable existence by eating raw shell-fish.

And yet, out of this miserable and degraded state, which seems worse than that of the animals, man has the means and power to rise into the high place for which Providence has destined him. In proportion as opportunities occur, these savage tribes acquire the arts of civilized life ; they build huts to shelter them against the weather ; they invent arms for destroying the wild beasts by which they are annoyed, and for killing those whose flesh is adapted for food ; they domesticate others, and use at pleasure their milk, flesh, and skins ; and they plant fruit-trees and sow grain as soon as they discover that the productions of nature most necessary for their comfort may be increased by labour and industry. Thus, the progress of human society continues to advance ; and every new generation, without losing any of the advantages already gained, goes on to acquire others which were unknown to the preceding one.

For instance, when three or four wandering families of savages have settled in one place, and begun to cultivate the ground and collect their huts into a hamlet or village, they usually agree in choosing some chief to be their judge and the arbiter of their disputes in time of peace, their leader and captain when they go to war with other tribes. This is the foundation of a monarchical government. Or, perhaps, their public affairs are directed by a council, or senate,



of the oldest and wisest of the tribe—this is the origin of a republican state. At all events, in one way or other, they put themselves under something resembling a regular government and obtain the protection of such laws as may prevent them from quarrelling with one another.

Other important alterations are introduced by time. At first, no doubt, the members of the community store their fruits and the produce of the chase in common. But shortly after, reason teaches them that the individual who has bestowed labour and trouble upon any thing so as to render it productive, acquires a right of property, as it is called, in the produce which his efforts have in a manner called into existence. Thus, it is soon acknowledged that he who has planted a tree has the sole right of consuming its fruit ; and that he who has sown a field of corn is alone entitled to gather in the grain. Without the labour of the planter and husbandman, there would have been no fruit or grain ; and, therefore, these are justly entitled to the fruit of their labour. In like manner, the State itself is conceived to acquire a right of property in the fields cultivated by its members, and in the forests and waters where they have of old practised the rights of hunting and fishing. If men of a different tribe enter on the territory of a neighbouring nation, war ensues between them, and peace is made by agreeing on both sides to reasonable conditions. Thus a young state extends its possessions ; and by its communications with other tribes lays the foundation of public laws for the regulation of their behaviour to each other in peace and in war.





Other arrangements arise, not less important, tending to increase the difference between the wild and original state of mankind and that which they assume in the progress of civilization. One of the most remarkable is the separation of the citizens into different classes of society, and the introduction of the use of money. I will try to render these great changes intelligible to you.

In the earlier stages of society, every member of the community may be said to supply all his wants by his own personal labour. He acquires his food by the chase—he sows and reaps his own grain—he gathers his own fruit—he cuts the skin which forms his dress so as to fit his own person—he makes the sandals or buskins which protect his feet. He is, therefore, better or worse accommodated exactly in proportion to the personal skill and industry which he can apply to that purpose. But it is discovered in process of time that one man has particular dexterity in hunting, being, we shall suppose young, active, and enterprising, another older and of a more staid character, has peculiar skill in tilling the ground or in managing cattle and flocks; a third lame perhaps, or infirm, has a happy talent for cutting out and stitching together garments, or for shaping and sewing shoes. It becomes therefore, for the advantage of all, that the first man shall attend to nothing but hunting, the second confine himself to the cultivation of the land, and the third remain at home to make clothes and shoes. But then it follows as a necessary consequence that the huntsman must give to the man who cultivates the land a part of his venison and skins, if he desires to have grain of which to make



bread, or a cow to furnish his family with milk; and that both the hunter and the agriculturist must give a share of the produce of the chase, and a proportion of the grain, to the third man, to obtain from him clothes and shoes. Each is thus accommodated with what he wants a great deal better, and more easily, by every one following a separate occupation, than they could possibly have been, had each of the three been hunter, farmer and tailor, in his own person, practising two of the trades awkwardly and unwillingly, instead of confining himself to that which he perfectly understands, and pursues with success. This mode of accommodation is called barter, and is the earliest kind of trade by which men exchange their property with each other, and satisfy their wants by parting with what they do not want themselves.

But in process of time, barter is found inconvenient. The husbandman, perhaps, has no use for shoes when the shoemaker is in need of corn, or the shoemaker may not want furs or venison when the hunter desires to have shoes. To remedy this, almost all nations have introduced the use of what is called money; that is to say, they have fixed on some particular substance capable of being divided into small portions, which, having itself little value applicable to human use, is nevertheless received as a representative of the value of commodities. Particular kinds of shells are used as money in some countries; in others, leather, cloth, or iron, are employed; but gold and silver, divided into small portions, are used for this important purpose almost all over the world.





That you may understand this use of money, and comprehend the convenience which it affords, let us suppose that the hunter, as we formerly said, wanted a pair of shoes, and the shoemaker had no occasion for venison but wanted some corn. while the husbandman, not desiring to have shoes, stood in need of some other commodity. Here are three men, each desirous of some article of necessity, or convenience, which he cannot obtain by barter, because the party whom he has to deal with does not want the commodity which he has to offer in exchange. But supposing the use of money introduced, and its value acknowledged, these three persons are accommodated by means of it in the amplest manner possible. The shoemaker does not want the venison which the hunter offers for sale, but some other man in the village is willing to purchase it for five pieces of silver—the hunter sells his commodity, and goes to the shoemaker, who, though he would not barter the shoes for the venison which he did not want, readily sells them for the money, and, going with it to the farmer, buys from him the quantity of corn he needs; while the farmer, in his turn, purchases whatever he is in want of, or if he requires nothing at the time, lays the pieces of money aside to use when he has occasion.

The invention of money is followed by the gradual rise of trade. There are men who make it their business to buy various articles, and sell them again for profit; that is they sell them somewhat dearer than they bought them. This is convenient for all parties; since the original proprietors are willing to sell their commodities to those store-keepers, or shop-



keepers, at a low rate to be saved the trouble of hawking them about in search of a customer ; while the public in general are equally willing to buy from such intermediate dealers, because they are sure to be immediately supplied with what they want. .

The numerous transactions occasioned by the introduction of money, together with other circumstances, soon destroy the equality of ranks which prevails in an early stage of society. Some men hoard up quantities of gold and silver, become rich, and hire the assistance of others to do their work ; some waste or spend their earnings, become poor, and sink into the capacity of servants. Some men are wise and skilful, and, distinguishing themselves by their exploits in battle and their counsels in peace, rise to the management of public affairs. Others, and much greater numbers, have no more valour than to follow where they are led, and no more talent than to act as they are commanded. These last sink, as a matter of course, into obscurity ; while the others become generals and statesmen. The attainment of learning tends also to increase the difference of ranks. Those who receive a good education by the care of their parents, or possess so much strength of mind and readiness of talent as to educate themselves, become separated from the more ignorant of the community, and form a distinct class and condition of their own ; holding no more communication with the others than is absolutely necessary.

In this way the whole order of society is changed, and instead of presenting the uniform appearance of one large family, each member of which has nearly the same rights, it seems to resemble a confederacy





or association of different ranks, classes, and conditions of men, each rank filling up a certain department in society, and discharging a class of duties totally distinct from those of the others. The steps by which a nation advances from the natural and simple state which we have just described, into the more complicated system in which ranks are distinguished from each other, are called the progress of society, or of civilization. It is attended, like all things human, with much of evil as well as good ; but it seems to be a law of our moral nature, that, faster or slower, such alterations must take place, in consequence of the inventions and improvements of succeeding generations of mankind.

Another alteration, productive of consequences not less important, arises out of the gradual progress towards civilization. In the early state of society every man in the tribe is a warrior, and liable to serve as such when the country requires his assistance ; but in process of time the pursuit of the military art is, at least on all ordinary occasions, confined to bands of professional soldiers, whose business it is to fight the battles of the state, when required, in consideration of which they are paid by the community, the other members of which are thus left to the uninterrupted pursuit of their own peaceful occupations.

We have said that those mighty changes which bring men to dwell in castles and cities instead of huts and caves, and enable them to cultivate the sciences and subdue the elements, instead of being plunged in ignorance and superstition, are owing primarily to the reason with which God has graciously endowed the human race ; and in a second degree to the power of





speech, by which we are able to communicate to each other the result of our own reflections.

But it is evident that society, when its advance is dependent upon oral tradition alone, must be liable to many interruptions. The imagination of the speaker, and the dullness or want of comprehension of the hearer, may lead to many errors ; and it is generally found that knowledge makes but very slow progress until the art of writing is discovered, by which a fixed, accurate, and substantial form can be given to the wisdom of past ages. When this noble art is attained, there is a sure foundation laid for the preservation and increase of knowledge. The record is removed from the inaccurate recollection of the aged, and placed in a safe, tangible, and imperishable form, which may be subjected to the inspection of various persons, until the sense is completely explained and understood, with the least possible chance of doubt or uncertainty.

By the art of writing, a barrier is fixed against those violent changes so apt to take place in the early stages of society by which all the fruits of knowledge are frequently destroyed, as those of the earth are by a hurricane. Suppose, for example, a case, which frequently happened in the early history of mankind, that some nation which has made considerable progress in the arts is invaded and subdued by another which is more powerful and numerous, though more ignorant than themselves. It is clear, that in this case, as the rude and ignorant victors would set no value on the knowledge of the vanquished, it would, if entrusted only to the memory of the individuals of the conquered people, be gradually lost and forgotten.





But if the useful discoveries made by the ancestors of the vanquished people were recorded in writing, the manuscripts in which they were described, though they might be neglected for a season, would, if preserved at all, probably attract attention at some more fortunate period. It was thus, when the empire of Rome, having reached the utmost height of its grandeur was broken down and conquered by numerous tribes of ignorant though brave barbarians, that those admirable works of classical learning, on which such value is justly placed in the present day, were rescued from total destruction and oblivion by manuscript copies preserved by chance in the old libraries of churches and convents. It may indeed be taken as an almost infallible maxim, that no nation can make any great progress in useful knowledge or civilization, until their improvement can be made permanent by the invention of writing.

Another discovery, however, almost as important as that of writing, was made during the fifteenth century. I mean the invention of printing. Writing with the hand must be always a slow, difficult, and expensive operation ; and when the manuscript is finished it is perhaps laid aside among the stores of some great library, where it may be neglected by students, and must, at any rate, be accessible to very few persons, and subject to be destroyed by numerous accidents. But the admirable invention of printing enables the artist to make a thousand copies from the original manuscript, by having them stamped upon paper, in far less time and with less expense than it would cost to make half a dozen such copies with the pen. From the period of this glorious discovery,





knowledge of every kind may be said to have been brought out of the darkness of cloisters and universities, where it was known only to a few scholars, into the broad light of day, where its treasures were accessible to all men.

Whatever works of history, science, morality, or entertainment seemed likely to instruct or amuse the reader, were printed and distributed among the people at large by printers and book-sellers, who had a profit by doing so. Thus, the possibility of important discoveries being forgotten in the course of years, or of the destruction of useful arts, or elegant literature by the loss of the records in which they are preserved was in a great measure removed.

In a word, the printing-press is a contrivance which empowers any one individual to address his whole fellow-subjects on any topic which he thinks important and which enables a whole nation to listen to the voice of such individual, however obscure he may be, with the same ease, and greater certainty of understanding what he says, than if a chief were addressing an assembly of his tribe at his council-fire. Nor is the important difference to be forgotten that the orator can only speak to the persons present, while the author of a book addresses himself, not only to the race now in existence, but to all succeeding generations, while his work shall be held in estimation.

I have thus endeavoured to trace the steps by which a general civilization is found to take place in nations with more or less rapidity, as laws and institutions, or external circumstances favourable or otherwise, advance or retard the increase of knowledge and





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by the course of which man, endowed with reason, and destined for immortality, gradually improves the condition in which Providence has placed him ; while the inferior animals continue to live by means of the same or nearly the same, instincts of self-preservation, which have directed their species from the beginning of the creation.

*Scott.*

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## COURAGE : PHYSICAL \*

*" Cowards die many times before their deaths ;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear :  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come."*

*" Julius Cæsar," Act II., Sc. 2.*

*" Death or pain is not formidable, but the fear of pain or death. For this reason we commend the poet who said  
' Not death is evil but a shameful death.' "*

*Epictetus.*

I shall speak to-day of that kind of courage which enables us to meet bodily dangers, and even death, without fear. This is a quality which man shares in some degree with the inferior animals. And whether we regard it in man or in brute, it is a noble quality. For by it we mean that resolute energy which impels him who has it to forget himself, and to face, without flinching, terror and pain. We may therefore define it as " fearless action, which cleaves to its purpose, regardless of consequences." You may have seen the wild boar's desperate rush, when he turns and charges against his pursuer. That is the kind of courage I mean.

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\* From *Common Thoughts on Serious Subjects*, by Chester Macnaghten, by kind permission of Mr. John Murray, London, England.





The bulldog, too, is another example, unrivalled perhaps among living creatures. For his fierce and unyielding tenacity is such that, when once he has seized an object with his teeth, he clings to it with such resolution, and such disregard of bodily pain, that, so long as he is able to breathe, he cannot be induced to let go. He has to be seized by the throat, and choked, before he can be made to relinquish his hold.

" The mongrel's hold will slip,  
But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip;  
Small though he looks, the jaw that never yields  
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields."

Mr. Wood tells us, too, that " there seem to be no limits to the courage of the game-cock, which will attack not only his own kind, but any other creature that may offend him. One of these birds has been known to fly at a fox that was carrying off one of his hens, and to drive his spur deep into the offender's eyes. There are instances innumerable of similar rescues from cats, rats, and other marauders." \*

It is this same courage which often inspires soldiers in battle, and sportsmen in the jungle, to face great peril, not only without fear, but even with a kind of " stern joy " and pride. There is an old story of Cynegirus, brother of the great tragedian Æschylus, which, if it be true, affords a good instance of the bulldog's tenacity of purpose in a man. It is said that, after the battle of Marathon, in which the

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\* Wood's "Natural History," Vol. II, p. 617.





Athenians defeated the Persians, Cynegeirus, the Athenian, seized with his right hand one of the vessels in which the Persians were attempting to escape. His right hand being cut off, he seized the vessel with his left. His left hand being cut off also, he seized the vessel in his teeth "like a wild beast."

This fearlessness which brave men share with brave beasts is generally, but not always, accompanied by bodily vigour. It is, however, something more than a mere bodily quality ; and it is a much higher quality in men than in brutes. For men have thinking and reasoning powers, which the brutes have not ; and I am sure we shall all agree that, when we are prompted by reason and conscience to face pain and danger in a good cause, our bravery is nobler than that of the brutes who are often impelled by mere natural instinct of self-defence, or blind appetite and rage. "It is enough for animals to do what their nature leads them to do without understanding why they do it. But it is not enough for us to whom God has given also the intellectual faculty ; for unless we act conformably to the nature and constitution of each thing, we shall never attain our true end." \* When reason guides the bodily impulses, this is a higher kind of action than that which proceeds from mere animal instincts. Rufus, Epictetus's master, taught that there were "two kinds of exercise : first, the exercise of the soul in thinking, in reflecting, and in stamping on the mind sound rules of life ; and second, in the enduring of bodily labours or pains, in

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\* Introduction to Long's "Epictetus."



which act of endurance the soul and the body act together." \* It is clear that, in this second form of exercise, human beings are capable of a courage which is impossible to the nature of beasts.

This reasoning courage is sometimes called "valour." Valour, in its fullest sense, is characteristic of man alone, because man alone among animals is endowed, in the fullest sense, with reason. Hence the old Roman word for valour was "virtus" (virtue, in our modern sense, has a wider but hardly a nobler meaning), "the quality which befits a man (*vir*)."

For the original meaning of "virtus" was not so much "virtue," as "manliness," "valour." *Mardae* or *Mardángiri* means, of course, much the same. It is this reasoning, resolute "manliness" which prompts a soldier, at the call of duty, to face great dangers in battle, even at the risk of his life : it prompts him even to accept certain death. See to what an extraordinary self-sacrifice and daring a man may be prompted by courage of this kind ! I will give you an illustration from history—from the history of Mewar—when the great rival clans of Chandávat and Saktávat vied with one another for the pride of place. "When Jehangir had obtained possession of the ancient fortress of Chitor, and driven the prince into the wilds and mountains of the west, an opportunity offered to recover some frontier lands in the plains, and the Ráná and all his chiefs were assembled for the purpose. But the Saktávats asserted an equal privilege with their rivals to form the vanguard ; a right which their indisputable valour (perhaps superior

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\* Long's "Epictetus," p. xx.





to that of the other party) rendered not invalid. The Chandávats claimed it as an hereditary privilege, and the sword would have decided the matter but for the tact of the prince. 'The *herole* \* to the clan which first enters Ontala' was a decision which the Saktávats leader quickly heard ; while the other could no longer plead his right when such a gauntlet was thrown down for its maintenance.

" Ontala is the frontier fortress in the plains, about eighteen miles east of the capital, and covering the road which leads from it to the more ancient one of Chitor. It is situated on a rising ground, with a stream flowing beneath its walls, which are of solid masonry, lofty, and with round towers at intervals.

" The clans, always rivals in power, now competitors in glory, moved off at the same time, some hours before daybreak—Ontala the goal, the *herole* the reward ! Animated with hope—a barbarous and cruel foe the object of their prowess—their wives and families spectators, on their return, of the meed of enterprise ; the Bard, who sang the praise of each race at their outset, demanding of each materials for a new wreath, supplied every stimulus that a Rajput could have to exertion.

" The Saktávats made directly for the gateway, which they reached as the day broke, and took the foe unprepared ; but the walls were soon manned, and the action commenced. The Chandávats, less skilled in topography, had traversed a swamp, which retarded them, but through which they dashed, fortunately

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\* Vanguard. Right to lead the army.





meeting a guide in a shepherd of Ontala. With more foresight than their opponents, they had brought ladders. The chief led the escalade, but a ball rolled him back amidst his vassals ; it was not his destiny to lead the *herole* ! Each party was checked. The Saktávat depended on the elephant he rode to gain admission by forcing the gate ; but its projecting spikes deterred the animal from applying its strength. His men were falling thick around him, when a shout from the other party made him dread their success. He descended from his seat, placed his body on the spikes, and commanded the driver, on pain of instant death, to propel the elephant against him. The gates gave way, and over the dead body of their chief his clan rushed to the combat ! But even this heroic surrender of his life failed to purchase the honour for his clan. The lifeless corpse of his rival was already in Ontala, and this was the event announced by the shout which urged his sacrifice to honour and ambition." \*

Courage is stimulated by discipline as well as by pride and emulation. I think you have read, in your fourth " Royal Reader," the story of the wreck of the *Birkenhead*, which foundered off the south coast of Africa in the year 1852. The vessel ran on a rock. She had on board a British regiment, more than six hundred souls all together. This ship began to sink ; and, as it was not possible for all to escape at once, the commander, Colonel Seton, ordered the soldiers to form on deck, and help the women and children into the boats. This order they obeyed as quietly and

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\* Tod's " Rajasthan," Vol. I, pp. 149-150.



calmly as if they had been parading on land. All was activity, but there was no hurry, no panic, no despair. Boat after boat was sent off to shore, "till all, or nearly all, the women and children were saved." But no boat remained for the officers and men, who still stood patiently, shoulder to shoulder ; and "in half an hour from the time when she struck, the *Birkenhead* went to the bottom, and the waves closed over a band of the truest heroes the world has ever seen."

We cannot too much admire the calm obedience of that noble band ; but in gauging their courage, I think we should remember that they were acting under military orders ; and, had any one disobeyed those orders, he would have been guilty of cowardice. I think we may also justly remember that they were many acting together, and that one brave example would help the rest. Their courage was not self-chosen, nor was it the courage of a solitary man. Such patient, self-sacrificing obedience to orders is what we expect of trained and good soldiers. We expect soldiers to be brave ; we expect them to stand together in discipline. And I hope, and believe, that there is no regiment, Indian or British, in our Empress's army, but would sacrifice itself, in the hour of need, as the 74th Highlanders did in the *Birkenhead*.

I will give you now one other illustration of courage inspired by military pride as well as sense of duty. It is taken from the "Life of Sir Charles Napier," "the brave conqueror of Sindh, whose portrait some of us often saw in the Mess-house of the 12th Bombay Infantry, when they were here in Rajkot. I



give the story as it is told in the eloquent words of Mr. Robertson of Brighton.

During Sir Charles Napier's campaign against the robber tribes of Upper Sindh, "a detachment of troops was marching along a valley, the cliffs overhanging which were crested by the enemy. A sergeant, with eleven men, chanced to become separated from the rest by taking the wrong side of a ravine, which they expected soon to terminate, but which suddenly deepened into an impassable chasm. The officer in command signalled to the party an order to return. They mistook the signal for a command to charge ; the brave fellows answered with a cheer, and charged. At the summit of the steep mountain was a triangular platform, defended by a breast-work, behind which were seventy of the foe. On they went, charging up one of those fearful paths, eleven against seventy. The contest could not long be doubtful with such odds. One after another they fell ; six upon the spot, the remainder hurled backwards ; but not until they had slain nearly twice their own number.

" There is a custom, we are told, amongst the hillsmen, that when a great chieftain of their own falls in battle, his wrist is bound with a thread either of red or green, the red denoting the highest rank. According to custom, they stripped the dead, and threw their bodies over the precipice. When their comrades came, they found their corpses stark and gashed ; but round both wrists of every British hero was twined the red thread ! " \*

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\* Robertson's " Lectures," pp. 196, 197.





In the British army the Victoria Cross, a modest little medal of bronze, is the highest honour that "valour" can win : was not the red thread of those wild hillsmen, awarded to their enemies' bravery, a higher honour still ? Was it not, as Mr. Robertson suggests, a beautiful symbol of the "unutterable admiration" which the whole human race instinctively pays to heroic daring ?

So far I have spoken only of men, and of men acting in combination, or in emulation one of another. And in general the idea of courage, as well as of valour or manliness, is associated with that physical strength which rather belongs to men than to women. Nevertheless history gives us abundant instances of bravery in women, who, in courage, if not in strength, have often been leaders of men. You will remember Sultána Rezia (who is called Sultán on her coins), who led her own forces to battle, who was vigorous in council as in war, and was "endowed with such princely virtue that those who scrutinise her actions most severely will find in her no fault but that she was a woman." \* .

Think, too, of the famous Chánd Bibi of Ahmadnagar, who in Akbar's reign, when Prince Murád was leading his troops against her town, "flew to the breach in full armour, with a veil over her face and a naked sword in her hand, and having thus checked the first assault of the Moguls, she continued her exertions till every power within the place was called forth

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\* Queen of Delhi, 1236-9. Elphinstone's "History," p. 375.





against them." She so kindled the enthusiasm of the garrison by "her activity and energy" that the Moguls, though still superior in the field, were glad to accept an honourable peace.

And what shall we say of the *Satis*, except that their courage and devotion have enabled them to bear, with a martyr's endurance, the most cruel of tortures, the most terrible of deaths ?

Alexander, bent on invading India, in the year 327 B.C., found, on the far north-western frontier, some Indian ascetics, whom he and his Greeks called "gymnosophists." They wore no clothes, and, were regardless of men and human affairs. They showed no fear of Alexander. On the contrary, they openly defied him ; so that he, enraged by their opposition, caused some of them to be hanged. One of them, however, even bolder than the rest, stamped on the ground with his foot, and when Alexander asked what this meant, he answered, "Every man, O king, has a right to the ground whereon he stands ; and thou differest from other men only in this, that thou art a restless adventurer, and hast left thy native land for the sake of worrying others as well as thyself. But soon thou shalt die, and shalt have no more land than suffices to bury thy body." Alexander was greatly impressed by these remarks of the bold gymnosophist ; he also admired the patient endurance of these simple sages. He wished to take some of them with him on his travels ; but at first they all refused. Afterwards, however, one of them, Calanus, consented to be his companion. It is said that Calanus lost the approval of his brother gymnosophists, whom he forsook ; but he retained the great



conqueror's favour up to the time of his death. He followed Alexander for the next three years, as his constant companion. He accompanied him through his Indian campaigns, through the desert of Gedrosia, back into Persia. But he did not go far into Persian territory, for he died at the frontier town of Pasargadæ \* : and it is of his death that I wish more particularly to speak. Pasargadæ was a famous place, for it held the tomb of Cyrus the Great, on which was inscribed, " Know, O stranger, that I am Cyrus, son of Cambyses, and founder of the Persian empire : grudge me not, therefore, this sepulchre." Alexander, desiring to see this tomb, halted at Pasargadæ. Here, we are told, Calánus fell ill of a sickness such as he had never known in India. The privations he had just undergone in the desert had probably weakened him. But, throughout his travels with Alexander, he had adhered as far as possible to his gymnosophist habits ; and fearing now that this new sickness might force him to change his mode of life, he told the king he desired to die at once on a funeral pyre, for it was his ambition to end his days in accordance with the tenets professed by him in life. Alexander strongly opposed his wish ; but finding that arguments were in vain, and that, if restrained from one form of death, Calánus would resort to another, he permitted the pyre to be constructed under the care of one of his officers. He himself, also made great preparations for the solemn ceremony.

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\* Mr. Grote says that Calánus' death must have happened at Susa ; but this is not a matter of great importance.





He appointed special persons to cast rich perfumes on the pile. He added vessels of gold and silver, and garments such as befitted a king ; but these Calánus gave to the bystanders, as one who had done with the good things of this world. As Calánus was too weak to walk, a horse was brought for him to ride ; but he preferred to be borne on a litter, and gave the horse to one of his friends. The elephants which had been brought from India were drawn up in line near the pyre. As Calánus went, he sang *slokas* (verses) from the *Vedas* in praise of his gods. On reaching the pyre, he sprinkled himself, and cut off some of his hair, and then bade those who stood around him to spend that day in joy with their king, whom, he said, he should see again, in a little while, in Babylon. These were, it appears, his last words. Having uttered them, he mounted the pyre, and quietly laid himself down. Alexander—who was not present himself, for he could not bear to see his friend die—had ordered that, when the flames were kindled, the trumpets should sound, and the whole host shout, as if engaging in battle. No doubt he hoped by such clamour to drown the dying cries of his friend. \*But Calánus neither cried nor stirred. To the wonder and admiration of all, he died in the flames in perfect peace. As the smoke of his burning went up to heaven, the Indian elephants trumpeted round him.\*

Thus died Calánus, respected and honoured. And when you remember his dying prediction, you may perhaps think it a curious coincidence that his great

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\* Arrian, Bk. VII, chap. iii.





friend and master, Alexander himself, died not two years later at Babylon.

My stories have run on to a great length, and now they must end.

Such stories exalt us into a region grander, if more terrible, than that of common life. No one can approve unnatural cruelty, such as has been practised in the case of the *Satis* ; but every one must admire true courage, which, in loyalty to duty and forgetfulness of self, raises and ennobles humanity. A voluntary submission to dangers and suffering, even at the call of duty, can never be easy to human nature ; and by the examples of those who have bravely borne suffering and death in an honourable cause " the whole race is raised and the meanest member of it made sacred with reflected glory."

When we read of such deeds, we feel nobler ourselves. But our share in these deeds must not end in the reading. We, too, have a duty of courage to perform, though not, perhaps, courage of the same kind as that which I have now described. The calm resolution of the men in the *Birkenhead*, the valour of the *Saktávāt* at Ontala, is only called for on rare occasions—as in shipwrecks, battles, or other perils, which, thank God, do not happen frequently. Still, no one can say " when, where, or of whom, such courage may be demanded : it may suddenly be demanded of any one, at any time, in any place. If it should be demanded of us, we should all, I am sure, be anxious in this respect not to fail in our duty. There is nothing, I am sure, of which we should all be more ashamed than to act as cowards. There is nothing, I am sure, which we should more desire than





to be able to say with Lord Nelson—and not only to say, but to prove by our deeds—that we “do not know Mr. Fear.”

The only test we can certainly apply is the common test of everyday life. Everyday life will give us opportunities for the display of a still nobler courage.—the highest courage of all, and the hardest.

*Chester Macnaghten.*

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## COURAGE : MORAL \*

"The sinews of goodness are courage, moral and physical, a fact which places all really good men and women beyond the reach of ridicule and above the high-water mark of the world's contempt."

*Marion Crawford.*

"He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear."

*Emerson.*

I shall speak to-day of *moral* courage. This is the courage which enables us to say and do *what we know to be right*. Therefore physical courage—the courage of which I spoke last Sunday—is very often but not always, a necessary accompaniment of moral courage : moral courage will often impel us to bear, as its consequence, physical sufferings. Moral courage is of the mind, while physical courage is of the body ; but mind and body are so closely connected that I think it impossible in the case of man to separate the one sort of courage from the other. In all the instances of human daring which I gave you last Sunday, moral was combined with physical courage : to a resolute endurance of physical suffering there was

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\* From Chester Macnaghten's *Common Thoughts on Serious Subjects*, by kind permission of the publisher, Mr. John Murray, London, England.





added a consciousness of duty. But while physical courage in a human being implies, at the least, *some* moral courage, moral courage implies much more. For there are things—there are many things—more difficult to bear than bodily pain ; and moral courage, in defence of the right, dares to bear them all. This moral courage is the courage which braces us always to do our duty ; always, in spite of all opposition, of all derision, of all loss or trouble, to think, say, and do what we know to be right. This is the noblest form of courage, and yet it is the courage most commonly required ; it is the courage which every day, almost every hour, demands of us all.

This is the highest heroism, the heroism of every day ; for this is strength of character, compared with which other strength is as weakness. And this is the strength which inspires with fortitude man or woman, boy or girl, making no distinction of age or sex, of bodily power or bodily weakness except that it grows with our growing years, and often grows stronger as our bodies grow weaker.

To speak the truth under all circumstances,—this is moral courage. When we are conscious that we have done wrong, then not to be afraid of the shame, but fearlessly to confess our fault,—this is moral courage. Not to be ashamed to be honest, not to be ashamed to appear as that, and only that, which we really are;—this is moral courage. Not to be ashamed of comparative poverty, comparative weakness, comparative ignorance ; not to be ashamed, in general, of our inferiority to others ; but under all circumstances to do our best, simply, candidly, honestly, without regard to the favour of man, and



with regard only to duty and God,—this is moral courage. To bear, with calm unruffled spirit, pain, disappointment, and bereavement, braving the worst and hoping the best, seeing the sun behind the cloud,—this is moral courage. It is written in the recently published life of a Punjáb officer, Reynell Taylor, that he was “ a hero absolutely fearless, not only in battle and bodily exposure, but in every daily occupation of life : he feared God and nothing else.” \* *To fear God and nothing else*,—this is moral courage.

You see this sort of courage takes in a very large share of man's duty. It implies the possession of other good qualities, subsidiary to itself. It means that you are not ashamed to profess these qualities before men.

Yes, moral courage means just *this*—that we are not ashamed to be honest and good. And surely this is a noble quality, a quality deserving of the highest respect ; for he who possesses it, fully and truly, who knows the right and dares to do it, may be said to be almost a perfect man.

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\* “ His deeds of prowess are still spoken of on the frontier, where his name is a household word for skill and courage. The only person who knows what he did, and is silent respecting it is himself. And yet so gentle, lovable, and beloved was he that the Indians used to say there were two Ferishtas (angels) among the English in the Punjáb.....and these two Ferishtas were Sir Donald MacLeod and General Reynell Taylor.”

“ *Reynell Taylor*,” by E. Gambier Parry, p. 259.





And, yet I fear this noblest of qualities is not commonly valued as highly as it should be. Sometimes, I fear, those who possess it are even made objects of ridicule. Often, I fear, in worldly estimation, it is ranked below physical courage, to which it is as much superior as the mind is to the body.

And, in the case of the young especially, I think there is a natural tendency to overvalue physical courage, and to esteem prowess and bodily strength above their proper worth. And there is a proportional tendency to undervalue the moral worth of him who unflinchingly tries to do his whole duty, undaunted by difficulty. Is there not, for instance, a tendency in schoolboys to think more of him who excels on the playground, in horsemanship, or general agility and strength, than of him who is studious in school, and persevering and gentle and good ? I do not depreciate sports of prowess : I know their value to be very great ; I believe they strengthen the character as well as the muscles. But character is the great thing, and muscles are not character.

Wisdom and reason are surely far nobler than suppleness of limb or beauty of form. Are not good temper, unselfishness, and kindness higher qualities than physical strength ? Does not the nobility of Ráma and of Arjuna consist in their goodness rather than in their bravery ? When we think of these questions, we answer Yes. But we do not always act as we think. Perhaps we do not always think. If we thought more, we should give more honour to the higher and moral side of things, the side which should be before our minds, but which is hid from our eyes.



I said just now that this strength of character, which we call moral courage, sometimes, instead of being respected, makes us the objects of ridicule. This, too, is because men do not think. Men do not think, but follow the fashion ; they follow the ideas which prevail in the world, or in that small part where they happen to live. The consequence is that any new thing, which does not accord with the thought of the time, is commonly derided, however good, simply because it is new. The fact of the earth's diurnal rotation, and of its annual course round the sun, are truths which all men now accept, as proved by men of science. But there was a time, not so very long ago, when this now-established truths were derided and condemned by the highest authority which existed in Europe. When they were asserted by Galileo at the beginning of the seventeenth century they were declared to be "absurd and heretical," and the great philosopher was forbidden by the Pope to "hold, teach, or defend" such a doctrine. The philosopher obeyed the Pope, who was his religious master ; but all men now know that Galileo was right, and that the Pope was wrong.

So you see it often needs great moral courage—greater courage than some of the greatest possess—to introduce a thing that is new, in the face of high authority. It also requires some strength of mind to introduce to the public notice anything of a strange appearance. Take the case of a common umbrella. Umbrellas have been known in Asia from a very ancient period ; but perhaps it will surprise you to hear that they have not been used in England for more than a hundred and fifty years. A Mr. Jonas





Hanway, who had lived in China and other parts of the East, first carried an umbrella in London in 1750. "It is said that when he first walked through the streets, umbrella in hand, on a rainy day, he was hooted and hissed by men and boys, and even pelted with stones." You see that, even in this small matter of accustoming people to the use of umbrellas, a great deal of moral courage was necessary. You see, too, that moral perseverance has in the end prevailed, and nearly every person in England now possesses, as a necessary article, that which seemed so outlandish and ridiculous not a century and a half ago.

So, too, in all undertakings and efforts we are often discouraged at the beginning, and to succeed in the end we need perseverance and courage. A remarkable instance of courage of this kind is given in the life of the late Lord Beaconsfield, one of the greatest orators and statesmen whom this century has seen in the British House of Commons. When he first spoke in Parliament, he was laughed down ; I believe his manner, or appearance, was peculiar. At any rate, he was forced to cease speaking—defeated, but not discouraged. As he took his seat, he remarked with a courage worthy of his subsequent greatness, "I have several times begun many things, and I have often succeeded at last : aye, sir, and, though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me." He persevered, and the time did come when all England hung on his utterances.

So it has been and will be till the end of time. The world is blind to moral worth, but worth which



has courage to persevere will be recognised and honoured at last.

As to the attainment of moral courage, I will give you a passage from "An American writer on *True Success in Life*." "Accustom yourselves not to depend chiefly on others, but to make decisions of your own ; to consider deliberately each practical question that arises, and then come to a positive determination on it, if this be possible. Every instance in which you say resolutely No ! to a seductive temptation ; every time that you say firmly Yes ! to the call of self-denying duty ; every time that you resist the urgency of the inclination that would deter you from an arduous course of action that your judgment and conscience deliberately approve ; every time that in the midst of perplexities you can so concentrate your force of mind as to decide on the thing to be done without vacillation or delay, you will have gained somewhat in true executive power. Without the power of deciding with due promptness, and of adhering firmly to your decisions when they have been made, it will be in vain to expect that you will act in life with any considerable success.

" Nothing will go right unless you dare to be singular. Everything will be wrong when a man has not learnt—and the sooner you learn it the better for your lives here and yonder—the great art of saying "No." "

Writing of the crisis in the Punjab in the year 1857, the author of the "Life of Lord Lawrence" makes the following remarks : "There are two kinds of courage. There is the buoyant courage of the man who is blest by heaven with a sanguine temperament ;



the man who will not see danger ; who is able to walk about with a smiling countenance, and with a cheerful heart, amidst mines and powder magazines." ....." But there is another and a higher courage still. There is the cool deliberate courage of the responsible ruler, who is determined to shut his eyes to nothing, to explore all the ramifications of the danger, to realise to himself, and to take care that others should realise also, so far as it is necessary for them to do so, the full magnitude of the stake at issue, and then, having counted the cost beforehand, and having reckoned the possibility or even the probability of failure, sits down, determined, by every means in his power, to make the probable improbable, and the possible impossible. It is the prerogative of such a man, and only of such a man, to 'look ahead,' to 'take a statesman-like view,' and careless of what others may say or think of him, 'looking for neither praise nor blame,' with dogged determination to do the right, whatever comes of it, and to fall, if need be, at his post."

Courage must be guided by prudence. Blind fearlessness which rushes on danger, with no good or useful purpose in view, is not courage, but *bravado*. The soldier who recklessly rushes from his ranks, alone, against a host,—with the certainty of being killed—without the possibility of doing any good, will be condemned as a desperate madman ; but if, like Horatius in the ballad, a man has a hope, however forlorn, of arresting a host by his personal valour, then he shows true courage in facing the risk, and in dying, if need be, for others' good. But vain waste of life is not courage at all. And so, also, in the ordinary





affairs of life, to tilt with blind zeal against everything which is not in accordance with our private wishes, to be constantly finding fault without reason, and asking for reforms without due consideration, this is the conduct of "fools" who "rush in where angels fear to tread"; this is not courage, but meddlesome folly. So, moral courage, like physical courage, must be attended by careful thought; we must think before we act; "to have a right judgment" is necessary in all things, and courage without a right judgment is recklessness. This is what we mean by the proverb, Prudence is the better part of valour.

True moral courage may best be shown by bravely attacking what is evil in *ourselves*—in restraining our tongues, in curbing our passions, in firmly adhering to good resolutions—but it will not be shown in charging at tilt against all that seems to us wrong in our neighbours. Victory must begin at home. Our first duty is to take heed to ourselves, and we shall find that this duty alone will give us plenty of work to do, plenty of enemies to fight, plenty of occasions for courage. For each man's worst foes are the evil desires of his own heart, and his own evil deeds. It is against these that each one of us has to wage a lifelong struggle.

I have said that true courage is based on prudence. It must also be supported by a resolute will.

Morally speaking, it may be said there is nothing that a strong will cannot achieve. "All life needs for life is possible to will." Will, strenuously exercised in a good cause, can make the improbable probable, can make what seems impossible possible. By will, resolutely, courageously exercised, you may become





whatever you please. We all know the power which a man of strong will is able to exercise over others, a power which is not only moral, but even in some measure physical. This power is, of course, greater over himself. A man's will can so control his body that soldiers have risen from their beds, and shaken off a dangerous fever in the mental excitement of a campaign. I have known one instance of that kind myself. Resolute energy refuses to be baffled ; it *will* be obeyed.

A remarkable instance of this kind of courage—call it, if you please, resolute will—is given in the history of Bábar. It is an instance of the will taking on, not shaking off, a disease. Bábar is said by Elphinstone to have been “ the most admirable prince that ever reigned in Asia.” To a simple heart he added great courage, and perseverance amounting to genius. He has written, in the *Tawárikhi Bábar*, an account of his own adventures in a manner so frank and simple as to win all human hearts. He was thoroughly a man ; a noble and good one, but with a man's failings too. His life is a strange one ; but the manner of his death, as historically related, is stranger still. We are told that when Humáyún lay ill and seemed likely to die, Bábar resolved to sacrifice himself in order to save his son. So he walked three times round Humáyún's bed, praying all the while earnestly ; and at last he exclaimed, “ I have taken it away, I have taken it away.” The force of will, thus exercised in the father, may have led to a healing faith in the son. This much is undoubtedly true, that from that time Humáyún began to recover and Bábar to decline. The facts may, of course, be explained





away ; but Mahomedans believe the story, as I have given it, to be true. And, in general, I think, we shall all admit that the human will, when intensely exerted, does have some influence on the Divine Will : for, otherwise, what is the meaning of prayer ? It is the strength which comes from God—which comes from contact with Him in prayer—that gives men, as I believe, true courage. Nothing can overcome courage of this kind, neither anguish nor peril nor persecution.

We who know the right, let us do it, with all our heart, mind, soul and strength, with stern unflinching moral courage, fearing God and duty and conscience, and *fearing nothing else*.

We, too, have our enemies to conquer—ignorance, anger, evil-speaking, pride and self-conceit,—enemies who never slumber, who can only be subdued by constant courage, by never-flagging zeal.

We cannot too often examine ourselves, so that our courage may be tempered with prudence, but, once assured of the course which is right, let us cleave to that with unflinching resolution. It is only by firmness in ourselves that we can encourage those who are about us. If we are strong, they will be strengthened. If we are weak, they too will be hindered. I am afraid that, through thoughtlessness or weakness, we are very prone to follow the multitude, and to follow it to do evil.

Thus, I am afraid, we are often led to do what our judgment and conscience condemn. If so, are we not guilty of cowardice, when courage is our plain duty ? Are we not, morally speaking, as cowardly and as wanting in duty, as if, being soldiers in the





*Birkenhead*, we had refused to stand to our post at the command of our officer ?

Therefore try to be brave and firm, fearing God, fearless of men. In every action in which you take part, and in all you say, let only this thought be in your mind, Is what I am doing or saying right ? And if your conscience answers Yes, then do, or say, that thing persistently, fearless of all opposition. Some of your companions may be against you, you may sometimes lose the favour of man ; but never mind, persevere and be brave, for God is on your side. You need not care what the world thinks of you, so long as you know that your purpose is honest ; so long as you are true to your conscience, and loyally carry out its promptings. The heart that is pure may well be courageous, for it has nothing to fear. Therefore do what is right, and have courage ; be strong in the armour of God. And, with His help, each one of us may do something to help and encourage his neighbour ; may do something to make the road easier on life's difficult journey, to

“ Fill up the gaps in our files,  
Strengthen the wavering line,  
Stablish, continue our march,  
On, to the bound of the waste,  
On, to the city of God.”

“ Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter :  
Fear God, and keep His commandments : for this is  
the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every  
work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether  
it be good or whether it be evil.”

*Chester Macnaghten.*



## PHYSICAL EXERCISE

It must be plain to my reader, in the very outset, that the whole hopes, prospects, everything dear to the student, must depend upon his health. If the powers of the body be palsied or prostrated, or in any way abused, his mind must so far sympathise as to be unfitted for making progress in study. You may let the system run down and lose its tone by neglect, and, for a time, the mind retains its activity, as the fires created by some kinds of fuel burn brighter and brighter, till they sink away at once. Sometimes, while the poor house in which the soul resides is rapidly preparing to fall, the mind is even more active as decay approaches, and the fires of the soul burn with a more beautiful and intense glow.

In some employments if health fails, it may be recovered, in very many cases, by care and exercise. The business goes on, and the loss of time and property usually do not suffer at once. Not so with him whose all depends upon the constant employment of the mind. Three months' loss of time, while in college, will blast many fair hopes and bright prospects : it will depress you and perplex you as a scholar, and, probably, have a material influence upon you through the whole of life. You may be poor—you may have had but small advantages heretofore ; but above these, by industry and application, you may rise. But if your health be gone, you are at once cut off from doing anything by way of study. The mind





cannot, and will not, accomplish anything unless you have good health. Resolve, then, that, at any rate, so far as it depends upon yourself, you will have "a sound mind in a sound body."

It is frequently the case that the student, as the fields of knowledge open before him in all their boundless extent, feeling strong in the buoyancy and elasticity of youth, and knowing that his character must all depend upon himself, sits down closely to his books, resolves to stop for nothing, till his scholarship is fair and high. The first, the second, and third admonitions, in regard to his health, are unheeded, till, at last, he can study no longer, and then, too late, he discovers that the seeds of death are planted in him. The more promising the student, the higher are his aims, and the stronger are the aspirations of his genius, the greater is the danger. Multitudes of the most promising young men have, within the last few years, found an early grave ; not because they studied too intensely, but because they paid no attention to the body.

It is impossible for any man to be a student without endangering his health. Man was made to be active. The hunter, who roams through the forest or climbs the rocks of the Alps, is the man who is hardy, and in the most perfect health. The sailor, who has been rocked by a thousand storms, and who labours day and night, is a hardy man, unless dissipation has broken his constitution. Any man of active habits is likely to enjoy good health, if he does not too frequently over-exert himself. But the student's habits are all unnatural ; and by them nature is continually cramped and restrained.





There can be no room for doubt, in the mind of an attentive observer, that one cause why so many of our promising young men sink into a premature grave, is, that they try to do so much in so short a time. By this I mean, that they feel that the great work of disciplining and stocking the mind must be done before the age of twenty-five. Whoever embraces this notion must, at once, abandon the idea of ever excelling, or else he must sit down to his books with an intensity of application that cannot but endanger life.

There are several difficulties in the way of your taking regular, vigorous exercise.

1. *You do not now feel the necessity of it.*

We take no medicine till necessity compels us ; and exercise to the student is a constant medicine. You are now young ; you feel buoyant, have a good appetite, have strength, fine health, and fine spirits. Time flies on downy wings. Why should you teach yourself to be a slave to exercise, and bring yourself into habits which would compel you, every day, to take exercise ? It seems like fitting yourself with a pair of heavy crutches, when you have as good legs to walk with as ever carried an emperor. Let those who are in danger of the gout, or of falling victims to disordered stomachs, begin the regimen, but for yourself, you do not feel your need. No, nor will you feel it, till you are probably so far gone, that exercise cannot recover you. On this point, you *must* take the testimony of the multitudes who have gone over the ground on which you now stand, and who understand it all. They will tell you, that it is not at your option whether you will take exercise or not ; you must take exercise, or you are lost to all your hopes and all your prospects.





2. *You feel pressed for time, and therefore cannot take exercise.*

You have such a pressure of studies—perhaps labour under some peculiar disadvantages—and so many extra efforts to make out of the regular study hours, that you really cannot find time to exercise. Let me tell you that you miscalculate on one important point. If you will try the plan of taking regular, vigorous exercise every day for a single term, you will find that you can perform the same duties, and the same amount of study, much easier than without the exercise. The difference will be astonishing to yourself. The time spent in thus invigorating the system will be made up, many times over, in the ease and comfort with which your mind takes hold of study.

3. *You do not feel interested in your exercise, and therefore do not take it.*

Many schemes have been devised, by which the student may take regular exercise, and, at the same time, be interested in it. The manual labour system has been greatly extolled. I must say that I do not believe it will prevail, in our systems of education, to any great extent. The system must stand, if at all, by appealing to the selfishness or wants of the student, and telling him that in this way, he can earn money. But this will not be true in all cases and probably not in a majority of instances. But there seems to me one great objection to it; and that is, it is too monotonous. When you lay aside your books, you want something to do which will not merely relax the mind from the fatigue of study, but which will also tend to enliven it, and render it cheerful. The mono-





tony of the workshop will hardly do this. Judging from experience, I decidedly prefer *walking* to all other exercise for the student. The advantages of this mode of exercise are, that it is simple. The apparatus is all at hand complete. You need not wait for any importation of machinery. It is in the open air, so that the lungs can, at once, receive the pure air of heaven, and the eye gaze upon hill and dale, upon trees and flowers, upon objects animate and inanimate. The very objects of sight and sound cheer and enliven the mind, and raise the spirits. The noise of the hammer or saw, the walls of the shop, and the whole interior of the workshop, have a very different effect upon the feelings and spirits. If any one is sceptical on this point, a few months' trial in the two places will remove all doubt. Another advantage of walking is, that you can have a friend to walk with and unbend the mind, and cheer the spirits, by pleasant conversation. This is a point of great consequence ; and it can be attained only in walking. You hear the same sounds, you see the same objects, you relieve the way, and the fatigue of exercise, by conversation. For this reason you should calculate, in most cases, to have company in your walks. Once try the method of walking with a friend regularly for a few weeks, and you will be surprised at the results. On those afternoons in which study is not required, be sure and take long walks, and lay up health for days to come. I once knew two students who invigorated their constitutions astonishingly by this simple process. During one summer, they walked over two hundred miles in company, counting no walk which was under five miles. In a short time, you will feel so much at home





in the exercise, that you will not inquire what weather it is, but, whether the hour for walking had arrived.

4. *The habits of the student make any bodily exertions fatiguing, and therefore you neglect exercise.*

There is no need of going into the physician's department, and assigning the reason why, by disuse, the body soon comes to a state in which we feel it a burden to make exertions. The fact is unquestionable. You may go to your books, and shut yourself up in your room for weeks almost constantly, and the idea of walking two or three miles will almost fatigue you of itself. The muscles, the joints, the whole house, reluctates at the thought of moving. The limbs will ache in a few moments, and the will has not the power to enforce obedience. Every day you put off the *habit* of exercise, the difficulty becomes greater ; so that he who has not regular times for taking exercise, will soon cease to take any. Nothing can make it pleasant, or even tolerable, but the constant practice of it. You cannot snatch it here and there, and find it an amusement, as you can take up a newspaper ; for it will be a burden. Many have, now and then, taken what they call "a dish of exercise," and when over, they felt worse than when they took none ; indeed, it came near making them sick ; and so they sagely conclude that exercise does not agree with them. Exercise is pleasant or otherwise, not in proportion to its being light or heavy, but to its regularity. The habits of the mind, and more especially those of the body, will for ever forbid your enjoying the luxuries and the benefits of it, unless it be regular. Keep this in mind, and it will probably



account for much of the unwillingness which you may now feel to taking exercise.

Exercise, then, to be a blessing to you, must be qualified by the following rules :—

(a) It must be regular and daily.

Nature has planted hunger within us so that we shall daily bring supplies to meet the wastes of the body. But, without exercise, the system has not the power to appropriate these supplies, and reduce them so that they become nutriment. Be as regular in taking exercise as you are in taking your food. There can be no good excuse, so long as you have feet, which, in a few moments, will give you the best of exercise.

(b) It should be pleasant and agreeable.

The tread-mill would afford regular and powerful exercise ; but it would be intolerably irksome. It might give you iron sinews, but the soul would be gloomy and cheerless. It is of the first importance, that you take pleasure in the exercise. Walking is good, but not—if you must be walking in a bark-mill. Riding is good, but not—if you had to ride a wooden horse. Be sure to cultivate cheerfulness in your hour of exercise.

(c) It should relax the mind.

Philosophy can teach us to be stubborn or sullen when misfortunes come, and religion can enable us to bear them with resignation ; but to a man whose health and spirits are good, they never come with their full power. We should aim to keep both the mind and body in such a condition, that our present circumstances are pleasant, and the future are undreaded. But this cannot be done if the mind be





always keyed up like the strings of the musical instrument. The mind that attains the habit of throwing off study and anxiety, and relaxing itself at once, has obtained a treasure.

(d) It should be increased at convenient seasons.

My reader will understand by this that I mean he should improve his vacations to recover from the fatigue of the past, and gather strength and health for the future. At a very trifling expense, two young men can set off on foot, and, while they are at entire leisure, can perform a long journey, see a great variety of new objects and curiosities, become acquainted with a variety of character, have their spirits raised, the tone of the whole system regulated, and all this during each vacation.

I should be sorry to have my remarks construed as tending to discountenance any manual labour by which the student or the professional man may benefit himself. Many illustrious men have alternately followed the plough, harangued in the forum, commanded armies, and bent over their books. If you can feel as cheerful and happy in the garden, the field, or the workshop, as you can while walking with a companion, it is altogether to be preferred to walking. But that regular daily exercise which is most pleasant to you, is that which, of all others, will be most beneficial.

Permit me to say, in a word, that no student is doing justice to himself, to his friends, or to the world, without being in the habit of a uniform system of exercise ; and that for the following reasons :—

1. Your life will probably be prolonged by it.





It is little less than suicide to neglect to do that, without the doing of which you are almost sure to shorten your days. The Creator has not so formed the body, that it can endure to be confined, without exercise, while the mind burns and wears upon its energies and powers every moment.

2. You will enjoy more with than without exercise.

This remark is to be applied only to those who exercise daily ; and to such it does apply with great force. Every one who is in this habit will bear ample and most decided testimony to this point.

3. You add to the enjoyment of others.

A cheerful companion is a treasure ; and all will gather around you as such, if you are faithful to yourself ; for exercise will make you cheerful, and cheerfulness will make you friends.

4. Your mind will be strengthened by exercise.

Were you wishing to cultivate a morbid, sickly taste, which will, now and then, breathe out some beautiful poetical image, or thought, like the spirit of some most refined essence, too delicate to be handled or used in this matter-of-fact world, and too ethereal to be enjoyed, except by those of like palate, you should shut yourself up in your room for a few years, till your nerves only continue to act, and the world floats before you as a dream. But if you wish for a mind that can fearlessly dive into what is deep, soar to what is high, grasp and hold what is strong, and move and act among minds conscious of its strength, firm, resolved, manly in its aims and purposes, be sure to be regular in taking daily exercise.

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*Todd.*





# THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

OR

## THE BLACK BROTHERS \*

### CHAPTER I.

HOW THE AGRICULTURAL SYSTEM OF THE BLACK BROTHERS WAS INTERFERED WITH BY SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE.

In a secluded and mountainous part of Stiria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded, on all sides, by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high, that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighbourhood, the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous

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\* From Vol. I of the *Library Edition* of The Works of Ruskin edited by E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn, by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. George Allen and Unwin Ltd., Ruskin House, London, England.





cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley ; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with over-hanging eye-brows and small dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into *them*, and always fancied they saw very far into *you*. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit ; and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows ; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen ; and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarrelled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. It would have been very odd, if with such a farm, and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich ; and very rich they *did* get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value ; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in





charity ; they never went to mass ; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes ; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nickname of the " Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or rather, they did not agree with *him*. He was usually appointed to the honourable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often ; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation ; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail ; the corn was all killed by a black blight ; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg,



and several of whom were starved at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No; it wasn't the wind: there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-coloured; his cheeks were very round, and very red, and might have warranted





a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours ; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his moustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt colour, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four-feet-six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a " swallow tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor, that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another, and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed. . .

" Hollo ! " said the little gentleman, " that's not the way to answer the door : I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella ; and from the ends of his moustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.



"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir,—I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petulantly. "I want fire, and shelter; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window, that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savoury smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door, and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house, that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."





Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, and sputtered, and began to look very black, and uncomfortable : never was such a cloak ; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long, quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour ; "mayn't I take your cloak ?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir ?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But,—sir,—I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly ; "but—really, sir,—you're—putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor, drily.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behaviour of his guest ; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. "Can't you give me a little bit ?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.



"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman : "I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle !"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone, that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he ; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for ?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Ay ! what for, indeed, you little vagabond ?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul !" said Schwartz when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that ?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck in great terror.





"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, deprecatingly, "he was so *very* wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at the instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the further end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying-house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my grey hairs." They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give in to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you!"



"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen——"

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar, than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his cork-screw moustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner—but, before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang: and there drove past the window, at the same instant, a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air, and melting away at last in a gush of rain.





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"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again—bless me, why the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind, and rushing rain, without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters, and double bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in the midst of it an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on



a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor, ironically.

"I'm afraid your beds are dampish ; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room : I've left the ceiling on, there."

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the last visit."

"Pray Heaven it may !" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead a waste of red sand and grey mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor ; corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words :—

SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE.





## CHAPTER II.

OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE THREE BROTHERS AFTER THE VISIT OF SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE ; AND HOW LITTLE GLUCK HAD AN INTERVIEW WITH THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

South-West Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more ; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the Wet Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom, became a shifting heap of red sand ; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

" Suppose we turn goldsmiths ? " said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. " It is a good knave's trade ; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold, without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one ; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade : the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold ; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever



they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale-house next door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world ; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes ; and Schwartz positively averred, that once, after emptying it, full of Rhenish, seventeen times, he had seen them wink ! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart ; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot and staggered out to the ale-house : leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone ; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. " And no wonder," thought Gluck,





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"after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains, which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain tops, all crimson, and purple with the sunset ; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them ;— and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah ! " said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a little while, " if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear metallic voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me ! what's that ? " exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me ! " said Gluck again, " what is that ? " He looked again into all the corners and



cupboards, and then began turning round, and round, as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. "It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la"; no words, only a soft running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs, and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time, and clearer notes, every moment. "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening, and looked in : yes, he saw right, it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing ! He stood in the farthest corner in the room, with his hands up, and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear, and pronounciative.

"Hollo ! " said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo ! Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river ; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.



"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice rather gruffly. Still Gluck couldn't move.

"Will you pour me out?" said the voice, passionately, "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat tails, then a pair of arms stuck a-kimbo, and, finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping; apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture, that the prismatic colours gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother of pearl; and, over this brilliant doublet, his hair and beard fell full halfway to the ground, in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate, that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were



rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot ; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

"Wouldn't it, sir ?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf, conclusively. "No, it wouldn't." And with that, the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs up very high, and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and, seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug ?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full-height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet





long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which, he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something at all events. "I hope your Majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore, attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first, can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away and deliberately walked into the centre of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling,—a blaze of intense light—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "oh dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! • my mug •"

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## CHAPTER III.

HOW MR. HANS SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE  
GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN.

The King of the Golden River had hardly made the extraordinary exit related in the last chapter, before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour ; at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence ; the immediate consequence of which was, that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question, which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbours, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself ; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and, having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden





River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretence of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

"Good morning, brother," said Hans; "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale grey shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapour but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy colour along the angular crags and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine.



Far above, shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning ; and, far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow ; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans' eyes and thoughts were fixed ; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practised mountaineer ; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water ; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken





into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows, and lurid lights, played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveller ; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced ; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path ; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous incumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst ; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless, and penetrated with heat.





Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted ; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. " Three drops are enough," at last thought he ; " I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him ; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment ; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears ; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side ; it was half empty ; but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately ; drank, and passed on. And a dark grey cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up



along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness ; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hill-side, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a grey-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. " Water ! " he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, " Water ! I am dying."

" I have none," replied Hans ; " thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the East, shaped like a sword ; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting ; it plunged towards the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans' ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset : they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses ; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the centre of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs : he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry.





And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

THE BLACK STONE.

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CHAPTER IV.

HOW MR. SCHWARTZ SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN.

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans' return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning there was no bread in the house, nor any money ; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such



## THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER 197

a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. So Schwartz got up early in the morning before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright : there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

" Water, indeed," said Schwartz ; " I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the West ; and, when he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water. " Water, indeed," said Schwartz ; " I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist, of the colour of blood, had come over the sun ; and the





bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned ; and as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. " Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, " are you there ? remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed ! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you* ! " And he strode over the figure ; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And, when he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back ; but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why ; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood ; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire ; and the roar of the waters below, and the thunder above, met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared into his eyes, and the earth gave way





beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over the

Two BLACK STONES.

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CHAPTER V.

HOW LITTLE GLUCK SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN ; WITH OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. So, after a month or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practised on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at





the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst, give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water; "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up, and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it, till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies.





And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither and the sky sent down such pure light, that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again ; and, when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And, as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him ; and he thought of the dwarf's words, " that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt " ; and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. " Poor beastie," said Gluck, " it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully, that he could not stand it. " Confound the King and his gold too," said Gluck ; and he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden ; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling ; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

" Thank you," said the monarch ; " but don't be frightened, it's all right " ; for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. " Why didn't you



come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make too."

"Oh dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf, "they poured unholy water into my stream: do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir—your Majesty, I mean—they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying, is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colours of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colours grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.





And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as the sun. And, when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains towards the Treasure Valley ; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And, when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

And Gluck went, and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door : so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold. .





And, to this day, the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River, are still to be seen two Black Stones, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset ; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley

THE BLACK BROTHERS.

*Ruskin.*

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## THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

Those who are in the habit of remarking such matters must have noticed the passive quiet of an English landscape on Sunday. The clacking of the mill, the regularly recurring stroke of the flail, the din of the blacksmith's hammer, the whistling of the ploughman, the rattling of the cart, and all other sounds of rural labour are suspended. The very farm-dogs bark less frequently, being less disturbed by passing travellers. At such times I have almost fancied the winds sunk into quiet, and that the sunny landscape, with its fresh green tints melting into blue haze, enjoyed the hallowed calm.

Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky.

Well was it ordained that the day of devotion should be a day of rest. The holy repose which reigns over the face of nature has its moral influence; every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us. For my part, there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience nowhere else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday than on any other day of the seven.

During my recent residence in the country I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles; its mouldering monuments; its dark



oaken panelling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation; but being in a wealthy aristocratic neighbourhood, the glitter of fashion penetrated even into the sanctuary; and I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being in the whole congregation who appeared thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian was a poor decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society; and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer; habitually conning her prayer-book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart; I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew-trees which seemed



almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two labourers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the churchyard; where, from the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by an humble friend, who was endeavouring to comfort her. A few of the neighbouring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the



survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummary of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged twenty-six years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer, but I could perceive by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son, with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

Preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection; directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel; which, at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most withering. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavouring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—"Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.





As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a justling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich! they have friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young! Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no aftergrowth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years; these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

It was some time before I left the churchyard. On my way homeward I met with the woman who had acted as comforter: she was just returning from



accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age.—“ Oh, sir!” said the good woman, “ he was such a comely lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one’s heart good to see him of a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church—for she was always fonder of leaning on George’s arm than on her good man’s; and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round.”

Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in this employ when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect as



being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage, in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbours would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage door which faced the garden suddenly opened. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness, and hardships. He saw her, and hastened towards her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye—"Oh my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son? your poor boy George?" It was, indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad, who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended: still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if anything had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on which



his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land; but has thought on the mother “that looked on his childhood,” that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to her son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity:—and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his



mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her bending over him; when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse on hearing this humble tale of affliction was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do everything that the case admitted; and as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty: a black riband or so—a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow, at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.



I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighbourhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

*Washington Irving.*

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## COWPER'S LETTERS

To

JOSEPH HILL, Esq.

Olney, Dec. 7, 1782.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

At seven o'clock this evening, being the seventh of December, I imagine I see you in your box at the coffee-house. No doubt the waiter, as ingenious and adroit as his predecessors were before him, raises the tea-pot to the ceiling with his right hand, while in his left the tea-cup descending almost to the floor, receives a limpid stream ; limpid in its descent, but no sooner has it reached its destination, than frothing and foaming to the view, it becomes a roaring syllabub. This is the nineteenth winter since I saw you in this situation ; and if nineteen more pass over me before I die, I shall still remember a circumstance we have often laughed at.

How different is the complexion of your evenings and mine ! yours, spent amid the ceaseless hum that proceeds from the inside of fifty noisy and busy periwigs ; mine, by a domestic fire-side, in a retreat as silent as retirement can make it, where no noise is made but what we make for our own amusement. For instance, here are two rustics and your humble servant in company. One of the ladies has been playing on the harpsichord, while I with the other have been playing at battledore and shuttlecock. A little



dog, in the meantime, howling under the chair of the former, performed in the vocal way to admiration. This entertainment over, I began my letter, and, having nothing more important to communicate, have given you an account of it. I know you love dearly to be idle, when you can find an opportunity to be so ; but, as such opportunities are rare with you, I thought it possible that a short description of the idleness I enjoy might give you pleasure. The happiness we cannot call our own we yet seem to possess, while we sympathise with our friends who can.

The papers tell me that peace is at hand, and that it is at a great distance ; that the siege of Gibraltar is abandoned, and that it is to be still continued. It is happy for me, that, though I love my country, I have but little curiosity. There was a time when these contradictions would have distressed me ; but I have learned by experience that it is best for little people like myself to be patient, and to wait till time affords the intelligence which no speculations of theirs can ever furnish.

I thank you for a fine cod with oysters, and hope that ere long I shall have to thank you for procuring me Elliott's medicines. Every time I feel the least uneasiness in either eye, I tremble lest, my Æsculapius being departed, my infallible remedy should be lost for ever. Adieu. My respects to Mrs. Hill.

Yours faithfully,

W. C.





To

THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

Olney, Nov. 17, 1783.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The country around us is much alarmed with apprehensions of fire. Two have happened since that of Olney. One at Hitchin, where the damage is said to amount to eleven thousand pounds, and another at a place not far from Hitchin, of which I have not learned the name. Letters have been dropped at Bedford, threatening to burn the town ; and the inhabitants have been so intimidated as to have placed a guard in many parts of it, several nights past. Since our conflagration here, we have sent two women and a boy to the justice for depredation ; S——R——, for stealing a piece of beef, which, in her excuse, she said she intended to take care of. This lady, whom you well remember, escaped for want of evidence ; not that evidence was indeed wanting, but our men of Gotham judged it unnecessary to send it. With her went the woman whom I mentioned before, who, it seems has made some sort of profession, but upon this occasion allowed herself a latitude of conduct rather inconsistent with it, having filled her apron with wearing apparel which she likewise intended to take care of. She would have gone to the county gaol, had William Raban, the baker's son, who prosecuted, insisted upon it ; but he good-naturedly, though, I think, weakly, interposed in her favour, and begged her off. The young gentleman who accompanied





these fair ones is the junior son of Molly Boswell. He had stolen some iron-work, the property of Griggs, the butcher. Being convicted, he was ordered to be whipped, which operation he underwent at the cart's tail, from the stone-house to the high arch and back again. He seemed to show great fortitude, but it was all an imposition upon the public. The beadle, who performed it, had filled his left hand with red ochre, through which after every stroke he drew the lash of his whip, leaving the appearance of a wound upon the skin, but in reality not hurting him at all. This being perceived by Mr. Constable H——, who followed the beadle, he applied his cane, without any such management or precaution, to the shoulders of the too merciful executioner. The scene immediately became more interesting. The beadle could by no means be prevailed upon to strike hard, which provoked the constable to strike harder ; and this double flogging continued, till a lass of Silver-end, pitying the pitiful beadle thus suffering under the hands of the pitiless constable, joined the procession, and placing herself immediately behind the latter seized him by his capillary club, and pulling him backwards by the same, slapped his face with a most Amazonian fury. This concatenation of events has taken up more of my paper than I intended it should, but I could not forbear to inform you how the beadle thrashed the thief, the constable the beadle, and the lady the constable, and how the thief was the only person concerned who suffered nothing. Mr. Teedon has been here, and is gone again. He came to thank me for some left-off clothes. In answer to our inquiries after his health, he replied that he had a slow fever.



which made him take all possible care not to inflame his blood. I admitted his prudence, but in his particular instance could not very clearly discern the need of it. Pump water will not heat him much ; and, to speak a little in his own style, more inebriating fluids are to him, I fancy, not very attainable. He brought us news, the truth of which, however, I do not vouch for, that the town of Bedford was actually on fire yesterday, and the flames not extinguished when the bearer of the tidings left it.\*

Swift observes, when he is giving his reasons why the preacher is elevated always above his hearers, that, let the crowd be as great as it will below, there is always room enough overhead. If the French philosophers can carry their art of flying to the perfection they desire, the observation may be reversed, the crowd will be overhead, and they will have most room who stay below. I can assure you, however, upon my own experience, that this way of travelling is very delightful. I dreamt a night or two since, that I drove myself through the upper regions in a balloon and pair, with the greatest ease and security. Having finished the tour I intended, I made a short turn, and with one flourish of my whip descended ; my horses prancing and curvetting with an infinite share of spirit, but without the least danger either to me or my vehicle. The time, we may suppose, is at hand, and seems to be prognosticated by my dream,

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\* A considerable fire occurred at this time in the town of Bedford, and thirty-nine houses were consumed, but it is said from accidental causes.





when these airy excursions will be universal, when judges will fly the circuit and bishops their visitations; and when the tour of Europe will be performed with much greater speed, and with equal advantage, by all who travel merely for the sake of having it to say, that they have made it.\*

I beg you will accept for yourself and yours our unfeigned love, and remember me affectionately to Mr. Bacon, when you see him.

Yours, my dear Friend,

W. C.

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\* The discovery of balloons had attracted the attention of the public at this period, and various speculations were indulged as to the probable result.





To

THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

Olney, Nov. 30, 1783.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have neither long visits to pay nor to receive, nor ladies to spend hours in telling me that which might be told in five minutes, yet often find myself obliged to be an economist of time, and to make the most of a short opportunity. Let our station be as retired as it may, there is no want of playthings and avocations, nor much need to seek them, in this world of ours. Business, or what presents itself to us under that imposing character, will find us out, even in the stillest retreat, and plead its importance, however trivial in reality, as a just demand upon our attention. It is wonderful how, by means of such real or seeming necessities, my time is stolen away. I have just time to observe that time is short, and, by the time I have made the observation, time is gone. I have wondered in former days at the patience of the antediluvian world, that they could endure a life almost millenary, with so little variety as seems to have fallen to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer employments than we. Their affairs lay in a narrower compass ; their libraries were indifferently furnished ; philosophical researches were carried on with much less industry and acuteness of penetration, and fiddles, perhaps, were not even invented. How then could seven or eight hundred years of life be supportable ? I have asked this





question formerly, and been at a loss to resolve it ; but I think I can answer it now. I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun ; I worship ; I prepare my breakfast ; I swallow a bucket of goats' milk, and a dozen good sizeable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow, and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stripped off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots ; I wash them ; I boil them ; I find them not done enough, I boil them again ; my wife is angry ; we dispute ; we settle the point ; but in the meantime the fire goes out, and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing. I hunt ; I bring home the prey , with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent ; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus, what with tilling the ground, and eating the fruit of it, hunting, and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primæval world so much occupied as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find, at the end of many centuries, that they had all slipped through his fingers, and were passed away like a shadow. What wonder then that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement, when there is so much more to be wanted, and wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself now and then pinched in point of opportunity, and at some loss for leisure to fill four sides of a sheet like this ? Thus, however, it





is, and, if the ancient gentlemen to whom I have referred, and their complaints of the disproportion of time to the occasions they had for it, will not serve me as an excuse, I must, even plead guilty, and confess that I am often in haste, when I have no good reason for being so.

This by way of introduction ; now for my letter. Mr. Scott is desired by Mr. De Coetlogon to contribute to the "Theological Review," of which I suppose that gentleman is a manager. He says he has ensured your assistance, and at the same time desires mine, either in prose or verse. He did well to apply to you, because you can afford him substantial help ; but as for me, had he known me better, he would never have suspected me for a theologian, either in rhyme or otherwise.

Lord Dartmouth's Mr. Wright spent near two hours with me this morning ; a respectable old man, whom I always see with pleasure, both for his master's sake and for his own. I was glad to learn from him that his lordship has better health than he has enjoyed for some years.

Believe me, my dear friend,

Your affectionate,

W. C.





To

THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

Olney, July 13, 1784.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

We rejoice that you had a safe journey, and, though we should have rejoiced still more had you had no occasion for a physician, we are glad that, having had need of one, you had the good fortune to find him—let us hear soon that his advice has proved effectual, and that you are delivered from all ill symptoms.

Thanks for the care you have taken to furnish me with a dictionary : it is rather strange that, at my time of life, and after a youth spent in classical pursuits, I should want one ; and stranger still that, being possessed at present of only one Latin author in the world, I should think it worth while to purchase one. I say that it is strange, and indeed I think it so myself. But I have a thought that, when my present labours of the pen are ended, I may go to school again, and refresh my spirits by a little intercourse with the Mantuan and the Sabine bard, and perhaps by a re-perusal of some others, whose works we generally lay by at that period of life when we are best qualified to read them, when, the judgment and the taste being formed, their beauties are least likely to be overlooked.

This change of wind and weather comforts me, and I should have enjoyed the first fine morning I have seen this month with a peculiar relish, if our new tax-maker had not put me out of temper. I am



angry with him, not only for the matter, but for the manner of his proposal. When he lays his impost upon horses he is jocular, and laughs, though, considering that wheels, and miles, and grooms were taxed before, a graver countenance upon the occasion would have been more decent. But he provoked me still more by reasoning as he does on the justification of the tax upon candles. Some families he says will suffer little by it. Why ? because they are so poor that they cannot afford themselves more than ten pounds in the year. Excellent ! They can use but few, therefore they will pay but little, and consequently will be but little burdened : an argument which for its cruelty and effrontery seems worthy of a hero : but he does not avail himself of the whole force of it, nor with all his wisdom had sagacity enough to see that it contains, when pushed to its utmost extent, a free discharge and acquittal of the poor from the payment of any tax at all : a commodity being once made too expensive for their pockets, will cost them nothing, for they will not buy it. Rejoice, therefore, O ye penniless ! the minister will indeed send you to bed in the dark, but your remaining half-penny will be safe ; instead of being spent in the useless luxury of candle-light, it will buy you a roll for breakfast, which you will eat no doubt with gratitude to the man who so kindly lessens the number of your disbursements, and, while he seems to threaten your money, saves it. I wish he would remember that the half-penny which government imposes the shop-keeper will swell to two pence. I wish he would visit the miserable huts of our lace-makers at Olney, and see them working in the winter



months, by the light of a farthing candle, from four in the afternoon till midnight : I wish he had laid the tax upon the ten thousand lamps that illuminate the Pantheon, upon the flambeaux that wait upon ten thousand chariots and sedans in an evening, and upon the wax candles that give light to ten thousand card-tables. I wish, in short, that he would consider the pockets of the poor as sacred, and that to tax a people already so necessitous is but to discourage the little industry that is left among us, by driving the laborious to despair.

A neighbour of mine in Silver-end keeps an ass ; the ass lives on the other side of the garden-wall, and I am writing in the greenhouse. It happens that he is this morning most musically disposed, whether cheered by the fine weather, or some new tune which he has just acquired, or by finding his voice more harmonious than usual. It would be cruel to mortify so fine a singer, therefore I do not tell him that he interrupts and hinders me ; but I venture to tell you so, and to plead his performance in excuse for my abrupt conclusion.

I send you the goldfinches, with which you will do as you see good. We have an affectionate remembrance of your late visit, and of all our friends at Stock.

Believe me ever yours,

W. C.





## GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

### A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College in Cambridge, at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me (although I had a very scanty allowance) being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be some time or other my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father; where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden: there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good master Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to the *Swallow*, Captain Abraham Pannell, commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back, I resolved to



settle in London, to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry; and being advised to alter my conditions, I married Mrs. Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in Newgate Street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But, my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife, and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages for six years to the East and West-Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter-Lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Pritchard, master of the *Antelope*, who was making a voyage to the South-Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4th, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.



It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas: Let it suffice to inform him, that, in our passage from thence to the East-Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labour, and ill food, the rest were in a very weak condition. On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock, within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was upset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom: but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small, that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in



the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir: for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards, the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but, in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward, over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the meantime, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so



far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, *Hekinah degul*! the others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness; at length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and, at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phonac*; when in an instant I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many I suppose fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but, by good luck, I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself: and as for the inhabitants,



I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherways of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows: but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over-against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected, about a foot and half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it: from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned, that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, *Langro dehul san* (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me). Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatening, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun,



as calling him for a witness; and, being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear shewing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The Hurgo (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above an hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as they could, shewing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating, that a small quantity would not suffice me, and being a most ingenious people, they flung up with great dexterity one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more;



but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times as they did at first, *Hekinah degul*. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borach mivola*, and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was an universal shout of *Hekinah degul*. I confess, I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honour I made them, for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour, soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts, I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature, as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his Imperial Majesty. His Excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue. And producing his credentials under the Signet Royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes, without any signs of anger, but with a kind of deter-





minate resolution; often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither, it was agreed by his Majesty in council, that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his Excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture, to shew that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows, upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them; and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens, to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this, the Hurgo and his train withdrew, with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after, I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words *Peplom selan*, and I felt great numbers of people on my left side, relaxing the cords to such a degree, that I was able to turn upon my right. But before this, they had daubed my face, and both my hands, with a sort of ointment very pleasant to the smell, which in a few minutes removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourish-



ing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured ; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the Emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

It seems that, upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground after my landing, the Emperor had early notice of it by an express ; and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution, perhaps, may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident, would not be imitated by any prince in Europe, on the like occasion ; however, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous : for, supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows, while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength, as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied ; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the Emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince hath several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees, and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards





to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long, and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was, to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of pack-thread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on the poles, and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised, and flung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told, for, while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the Emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and an half high, were employed to draw me towards the Metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped a while to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the Guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my





left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently: whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my awaking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of that day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me, if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sun-rise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The Emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us, but his great officers would by no means suffer his Majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped, there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom, which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked on as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north, was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side, the King's smith conveyed four score and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg, with six and thirty padlocks. Over-against this temple, on t' other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the Emperor ascended, with



many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned, that above an hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand, at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it, upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people, at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg, were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in semicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

*Jonathan Swift.*



## VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

A PROOF THAT EVEN THE HUMBLEST FORTUNE MAY GRANT  
HAPPINESS, WHICH DEPENDS NOT ON CIRCUMSTANCES  
BUT CONSTITUTION.

The place of our retreat was in a little neighbourhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities, in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primæval simplicity of manners ; and frugal by habit, they scarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labour ; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true love-knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, shewed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve. Being apprized of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their minister, drest in their finest clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor : a feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sate cheerfully down ; and what the conversation wanted in wit, was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before : on one side a



meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given an hundred pound for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures ; the elms, and hedge-rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness ; the walls on the inside were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters, within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws, was regulated in the following manner : by sun-rise we all assembled in our common apartment ; the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship, we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an



hour for dinner ; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labours after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family ; where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests ; sometimes farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine ; for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company ; while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad, Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day, and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have an half-penny on Sunday, to put in the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery : they still loved laces, ribands, bugles, and catgut ; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday in particular their behaviour served to mortify me : I had desired my girls the



preceding night to be drest early the next day ; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions ; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, drest out in all their former splendour : their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up in an heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command ; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before.—“ Surely, my dear, you jest,” cried my wife, “ we can walk it perfectly well : we want no coach to carry us now.” “ You mistake, child,” returned I, “ we do want a coach ; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us.” “ Indeed,” replied my wife, “ I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him.”—“ You may be as neat as you please,” interrupted I, “ and I shall love you the better for it ; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These ruffings, and pinkings, and patchings will only make us hated by all the wives of our neighbours. No, my children,” continued I, more gravely, “ those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut ; for finery is very unbecoming in us who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is



becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."

This remonstrance had the proper effect ; they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress ; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones, and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailng.



A NEW AND GREAT ACQUAINTANCE INTRODUCED. WHAT WE PLACE MOST HOPES UPON, GENERALLY PROVES MOST FATAL.

At a small distance from the house, my predecessor had made a seat, overshadowed by an hedge of hawthorn and honey-suckle. Here, when the weather was fine and our labour soon finished, we usually sat together, to enjoy an extensive landscape, in the calm of the evening. Here too we drank tea, which was now become an occasional banquet ; and as we had it but seldom, it diffused a new joy, the preparations for it being made with no small share of bustle and ceremony. On these occasions our two little ones always read for us, and they were regularly served after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls sung to the guitar ; and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with blue bells and centaury, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony.

In this manner we began to find that every situation in life may bring its own peculiar pleasures : every morning waked us to a repetition of toil ; but the evening repaid it with vacant hilarity.

It was about the beginning of autumn, on a holiday, for I kept such as intervals of relaxation from labour, that I had drawn out my family to our usual place of amusement, and our young musicians began their usual concert. As we were thus engaged, we saw a stag bound nimbly by, within about twenty



paces of where we were sitting, and by its panting it seemed pressed by the hunters. We had not much time to reflect upon the poor animal's distress, when we perceived the dogs and horsemen come sweeping along at some distance behind, and making the very path it had taken. I was instantly for returning in with my family ; but either curiosity or surprise, or some more hidden motive, held my wife and daughters to their seats. The huntsman, who rode foremost, passed us with great swiftness, followed by four or five persons more, who seemed in equal haste. At last, a young gentleman of more genteel appearance than the rest came forward, and for a while regarding us, instead of pursuing the chase, stopped short, and giving his horse to a servant who attended, approached us with a careless superior air. He seemed to want no introduction, but was going to salute my daughters as one certain of a kind reception ; but they had early learned the lesson of looking presumption out of countenance. Upon which he let us know his name was Thornhill, and that he was owner of the estate that lay for some extent round us. He again, therefore, offered to salute the female part of the family, and such was the power of fortune and fine clothes, that he found no second repulse. As his address, though confident, was easy, we soon became more familiar ; and perceiving musical instruments lying near, he begged to be favoured with a song. As I did not approve of such disproportioned acquaintances, I winked upon my daughters in order to prevent their compliance ; but my hint was counteracted by one from their mother ; so that with a



cheerful air, they gave us a favourite song of Dryden's. Mr. Thornhill seemed highly delighted with their performance and choice, and then took up the guitar himself. He played but very indifferently ; however, my eldest daughter repaid his former applause with interest, and assured him that his tones were louder than even those of her master. At this compliment he bowed, which she returned with a courtesy. He praised her taste, and she commended his understanding : an age could not have made them better acquainted : while the fond mother, too, equally happy, insisted upon her landlord's stepping in, and tasting a glass of her gooseberry. The whole family seemed earnest to please him : my girls attempted to entertain him with topics they thought most modern, while Moses, on the contrary, gave him a question or two from the ancients, for which he had the satisfaction of being laughed at : my little ones were no less busy, and fondly stuck close to the stranger. All my endeavours could scarce keep their dirty fingers from handling and tarnishing the lace on his clothes, and lifting up the flaps of his pocket-holes, to see what was there. At the approach of evening he took leave ; but not till he had requested permission to renew his visit, which, as he was our landlord, we most readily agreed to.

As soon as he was gone, my wife called a council on the conduct of the day. She was of opinion, that it was a most fortunate hit ; for that she had known even stranger things than that brought to bear. She hoped again to see the day in which we might hold up our heads with the best of them ; and concluded,



she protested she could see no reason why the two Miss Wrinklers should marry great fortunes, and her children get none. As this last argument was directed to me, I protested I could see no reason for it neither, nor why Mr. Simkins got the ten thousand pound prize in the lottery, and we sate down with a blank. "I protest, Charles," cried my wife, "this is the way you always damp my girls and me when we are in spirits. Tell me, Sophy, my dear, what do you think of our new visitor? Don't you think he seemed to be good-natured?"—"Immensely so, indeed, mamma," replied she. "I think he has a great deal to say upon everything, and is never at a loss; and the more trifling the subject, the more he has to say."—"Yes," cried Olivia, "he is well enough for a man; but for my part, I don't much like him, he is so extremely impudent and familiar; but on the guitar he is shocking." These two last speeches I interpreted by contraries. I found by this that Sophia internally despised, as much as Olivia secretly admired him.—"Whatever may be your opinions of him, my children," cried I, "to confess the truth, he has not prepossessed me in his favour. Disproportioned friendships ever terminate in disgust; and I thought, notwithstanding all his ease, that he seemed perfectly sensible of the distance between us. Let us keep to companions of our own rank. There is no character more contemptible than a man that is a fortune-hunter; and I can see no reason why fortune-hunting women should not be contemptible too. Thus, at best, we shall be contemptible if his views are honourable; but if they be otherwise! I



should shudder but to think of that ! It is true I have no apprehensions from the conduct of my children, but I think there are some from his character." I would have proceeded, but for the interruption of a servant from the 'Squire, who, with his compliments, sent us a side of venison, and a promise to dine with us some days after. This well-timed present pleaded more powerfully in his favour, than anything I had to say could obviate. I therefore continued silent, satisfied with just having pointed out danger, and leaving it to their own discretion to avoid it. That virtue which requires to be ever guarded, is scarce worth the sentinel.

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THE HAPPINESS OF A COUNTRY FIRE-SIDE.

As we carried on the former dispute with some degree of warmth, in order to accommodate matters, it was universally agreed, that we should have a part of the venison for supper, and the girls undertook the task with alacrity. "I am sorry," cried I, "that we have no neighbour or stranger to take a part in this good cheer : feasts of this kind acquire a double relish from hospitality"—"Bless me," cried my wife, "here comes our good friend, Mr. Burchell, that saved our Sophia, and that run you down fairly in the argument." "Confute me in argument, child !" cried I. "You mistake there, my dear, I believe there are but few that can do that : I never dispute your abilities at making a goose-pie, and I beg you'll leave argument to me." As I spoke, poor Mr. Burchell entered the house, and was welcomed by the family, who shook him heartily by the hand, while little Dick officiously reached him a chair.

I was pleased with the poor man's friendship for two reasons : because I knew that he wanted mine, and I knew him to be friendly as far as he was able. He was known in our neighbourhood by the character of the poor Gentleman that would do no good when he was young, though he was not yet thirty. He would at intervals talk with great good sense ; but in general he was fondest of the company of children, whom he used to call harmless little men. He was famous, I found, for singing them ballads, and telling them stories ; and seldom went out without something in his pockets for them, a piece of gingerbread,



or an half-penny whistle. He generally came for a few days into our neighbourhood once a year, and lived upon the neighbours' hospitality. He sate down to supper among us, and my wife was not sparing of her gooseberry wine. The tale went round ; he sung us old songs, and gave the children the story of the Buck of Beverland, with the history of Patient Grissel, the adventures of Catskin, and then Fair Rosamond's Bower. Our cock, which always crew at eleven, now told us it was time for repose ; but an unforeseen difficulty started about lodging the stranger—all our beds were already taken up, and it was too late to send him to the next alehouse. In this dilemma, little Dick offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moses would let him lie with him ; " and I," cried Bill, " will give Mr. Burchell my part, if my sisters will take me to theirs."—" Well done, my good children," cried I, " hospitality is one of the first Christian duties. The beast retires to its shelter, and the bird flies to its nest, but helpless man can only find refuge from his fellow-creature. The greatest stranger in this world, was he that came to save it. He never had an house, as if willing to see what hospitality was left remaining amongst us. Deborah, my dear," cried I to my wife, " give those boys a lump of sugar each, and let Dick's be the largest, because he spoke first."

In the morning early I called out my whole family to help at saving an after-growth of hay, and our guest offering his assistance, he was accepted among the number. Our labours went on lightly : we turned the swath to the wind. I went foremost,



and the rest followed in due succession. I could not avoid, however, observing the assiduity of Mr. Burchell in assisting my daughter Sophia in her part of the task. When he had finished his own, he would join in her's, and enter into a close conversation : but I had too good an opinion of Sophia's understanding, and was too well convinced of her ambition, to be under any uneasiness from a man of broken fortune. When we were finished for the day, Mr. Burchell was invited as on the night before, but he refused, as he was to lie that night at a neighbour's, to whose child he was carrying a whistle. When gone, our conversation at supper turned upon our late unfortunate guest. "What a strong instance," said I, "is that poor man of the miseries attending a youth of levity and extravagance. He by no means wants sense, which only serves to aggravate his former folly. Poor forlorn creature, where are now the revellers, the flatterers that he could once inspire and command ! Gone, perhaps, to attend the bagnio pander, grown rich by his extravagance. They once praised him, and now they applaud the pander : their former raptures \* at his wit are now converted into sarcasms at his folly : he is poor, and perhaps deserves poverty, for he has neither the ambition to be independent, nor the skill to be useful." Prompted perhaps by some secret reasons, I delivered this observation with too much acrimony, which my Sophia gently reproved. "Whatsoever his former conduct may have been, papa, his circumstances should exempt him from censure now. His present indigence is a sufficient punishment for former folly ;



and I have heard my papa himself say, that we should never strike our unnecessary blow at a victim over whom Providence holds the scourge of its resentment." "You are right, Sophy," cried my son Moses, "and one of the ancients finely represents so malicious a conduct, by the attempts of a rustic to flay Marsyas, whose skin, the fable tells us, had been wholly stripped off by another. Besides, I don't know if this poor man's situation be so bad as my father would represent it. We are not to judge of the feelings of others, by what we might feel in their place. However dark the habitation of the mole to our eyes, yet the animal itself finds the apartment sufficiently lightsome. And to confess a truth, this man's mind seems fitted to his station, for I never heard any one more sprightly than he was to-day, when he conversed with you."—This was said without the least design ; however, it excited a blush, which she strove to cover by an affected laugh, assuring him, that she scarce took any notice of what he said to her, but that she believed he might once have been a very fine gentleman. The readiness with which she undertook to vindicate herself, and her blushing, were symptoms I did not internally approve : but I repressed my suspicions.

As we expected our landlord the next day, my wife went to make the venison pasty. Moses sate reading, while I taught the little ones : my daughters seemed equally busy with the rest, and I observed them for a good while cooking something over the fire. I at first supposed they were assisting their mother, but little Dick informed me in a



whisper, that they were making a *wash* for the face. Washes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to, for I knew that instead of mending the complexion they spoiled it. I therefore approached my chair by sly degrees to the fire, and grasping the poker, as if it wanted mending, seemingly by accident, overturned the whole composition, and it was too late to begin another.

Oliver Goldsmith.



## TREASURES HIDDEN IN BOOKS.

Granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power ! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice ! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance, or necessity ; and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would ; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice ; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humouredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive ; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a Princess, or arresting the kind glance of a Queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet ; and spend our years, and passions, and powers in pursuit of little more than these ; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation ;—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle,—and can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience, but to



gain it ;—kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our bookcase shelves,—we make no account of that company,—perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long !

You may tell me, perhaps, or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them, and the passion with which we pursue the company, probably of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this,—that we can see the faces of the living men, and it is themselves, and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar. But it is not so. Suppose you never were to see their faces ;—suppose you could be put behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet, or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen ? And when the screen is only a little less, folded in two, instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen, all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men ;—this station of audience, and honourable privy council, you despise !

But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them. Nay ; that cannot be so, for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters, much better in their writings than in their careless



talk. But I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings—books, properly so-called. For all books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time ; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

The good book of the hour, then,—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know ; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels ; good-humoured and witty discussions of question ; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel ; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history ; —all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age : we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books : for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day :



whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense, to be "read." A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing ; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once ; if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India ; if you could, you would ; you write instead : that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it ; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may ; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him ;—this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever ; engrave it on rock, if he could ; saying, " This is the best of me ; for the rest, I ate.



and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another ; my life was as the vapour, and is not ; but this I saw and knew : this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his " writing " ; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a " Book."

Perhaps you think no books were ever so written ?

But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness ? or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people ? None of us, I hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art. It is mixed always with evil fragments—ill-done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those *are* the book.

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men :—by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice ; and life is short. You have heard as much before ;—yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities ? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow ? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings ; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common crowd for *entree* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as



its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time ? Into that you may enter always ; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish ; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault ; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

“ The place you desire,” and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say ; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this :—it is open to labour and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portieres of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but brief question, “ Do you deserve to enter ? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles ? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise ? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms ?—no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain ; but here we neither feign nor interpret ; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings, if you would recognise our presence.”



This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love in these two following ways.

I.—First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe ; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it ; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

Very ready we are to say of a book, " How good this is—that's exactly what I think ! " But the right feeling is, " How strange that is ! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true ; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards, if you think yourself qualified to do so ; but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once ;—nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too ; but he cannot say it all ; and what is more strange, will not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it. I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyse that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not



give it you by way of help, but of reward, and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it. But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there, and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where : you may dig long and find none ; you must dig painfully to find any.

And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, " Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would ? Are my pick-axes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper ? " And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pick-axes are your own care, wit, and learning ; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire ; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

*John Ruskin.*